ANC

MAD

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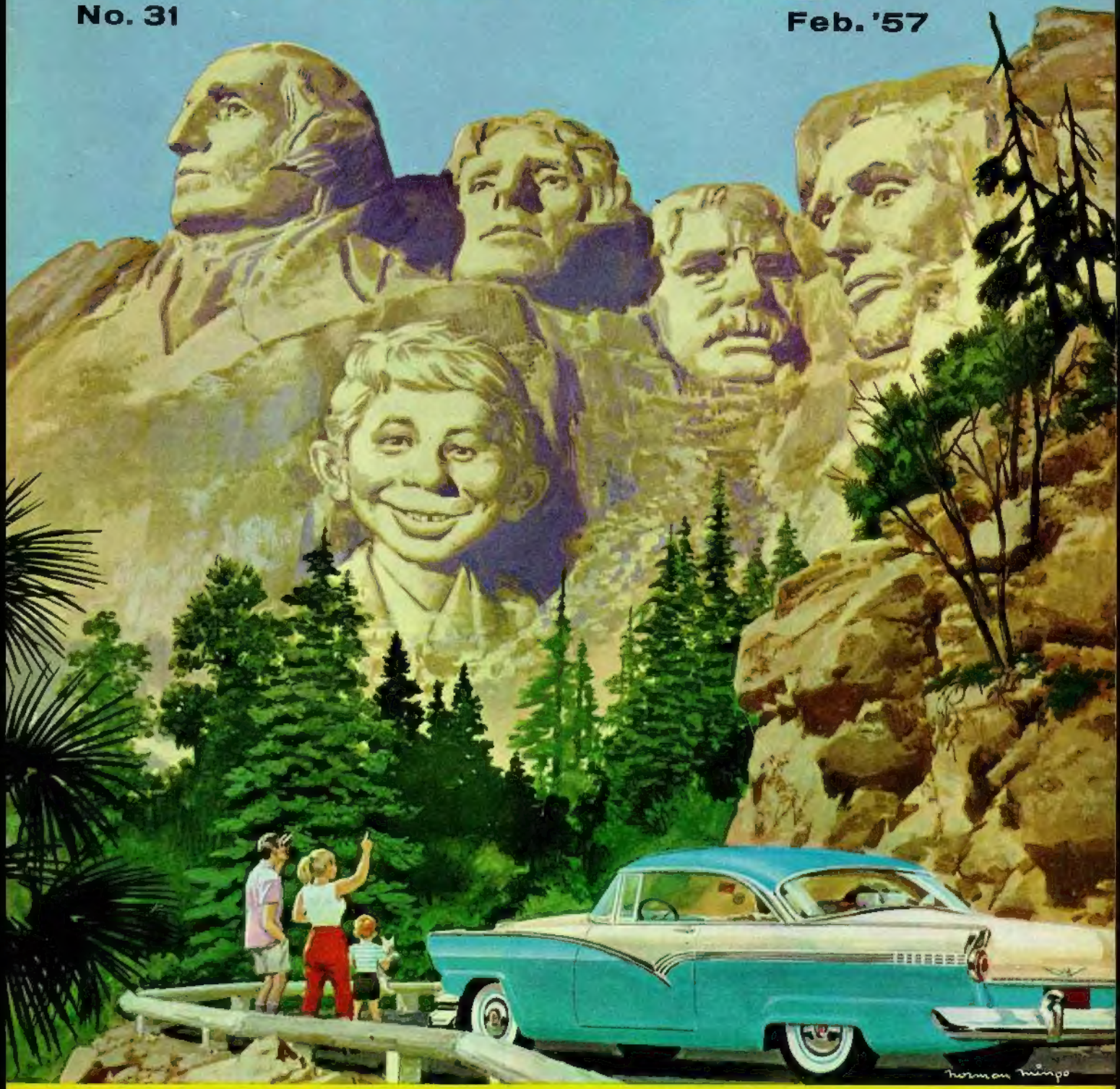
CHEAP

No. 31

Feb. '57



ERNIE KOVACS explains **POETRY**

AL "JAZZBO" COLLINS explains **JAZZ**

ORSON BEAN explains **ORSON BEAN**

From Furdsville, Arkansas, Comes Further Proof Of

THE MAD WINDOW TEST

From sunny Furdsville, Arkansas, in the heart of the boll weevil country, comes new convincing proof of the MAD window test. Last week, Melvin Cowznofski rushed his newly-arrived subscription copy of MAD to the open window. Actually, he was planning on throwing it out in disgust. There, under critical daylight, Melvin suddenly discovered new whiteness . . . new brightness never before possible with plain old newsstand copies of MAD which are smudged and smeared by the grimy fingers of no-good cheapskate bums who thumb through magazines and then don't buy them.

Make Your Own Window Test! Subscribe to MAD Today!

Mail Coupon (or duplicate) to:
MAD Subscriptions
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

I want to subscribe to MAD and make my own window test so I can discover new whiteness and new brightness before I throw each copy out in disgust. I enclose $2.00 for the next nine white bright un-thumbed subscription issues.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

AGE____ SCHOOL OR OCCUPATION_____

Solve your Christmas Gift problem. Give a subscription to MAD. Then, next Christmas, you won't have a gift problem because the person you gave it to this year won't be talking to you. If this is a Christmas gift subscription, and you want a gift card sent advising the receiver you're sending it, include your own name and address and check here . . . ☐

NUMBER 31 FEBRUARY 1957

MAD

"...*Mad, a short-lived satirical pulp*..." TIME Magazine, Sept. 24, 1956

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
PRODUCTION: John Putnam **CONTINUITY:** Jerry De Fuccio **IDEAS:** Nick Megliola
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS: Jack Davis Wallace Wood Norman Mingo Bob Clarke Don Martin Phil Interlandi Frank Kelly Freas Basil Wolverton
ADVERTISING: Peter Bovis **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** Gloria Orlando
LAW SUITS: Martin Scheiman, Esq. **SUITS PRESSED:** Max's Dry Cleaners

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**Various obscure places around the magazine.

Hey, Gang! You're in for plenty thrills once you get situated on the curbstone with this issue of MAD, especially if it's a windy day and there are girls around. This issue we got a bunch of expensive talent to fill our pages, mainly because we couldn't think of anything funny ourselves. Expensive talent like Ernie Kovacs, Al "Jazzbo" Collins, and Orson Bean. Unfortunately, expensive talent costs money! So this issue we also got a bunch of "real ads". Please, Gang, do us a favor, read the "real ads", and do like they say. That way, we'll make a good showing. And if we do, we'll be able to improve our "real advertising", we'll be able to improve MAD, and mainly we'll be able to improve our own standard of living.—ALF

MAD—January-February 1957, Volume 1, No. 31, is published bi-monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere $2.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1956 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The publisher and editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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VITAL FEATURES

THE NEW MARYLIN MARONE 2

MAD takes a beady-eyed look at "The New Marylin Marone", compares her to "old" Marylin Marone, notes amazing differences.

FIELD AND SCREAM 6

While Junior catches it for reading comic books which teach how murder is wrong, it's okay for Pop to read stuff which encourages it.

ERNIE KOVACS, ON POETRY 15

Percy Dovetonsils, esthetic friend of Ernie Kovacs, describes the art of poetry-writing, then destroys illusion with sample poem.

GREETING CARDS 18, 48

MAD takes a look at this inventive industry, decides that it's going from bad to verse, and then outdoes it with a selection of our own.

"JAZZBO" COLLINS, ON JAZZ 22

Al "Jazzbo" Collins shoots from the 'hip' in this enlightening article on the subject of Jazz, and rounds out your 'square' editors.

MAD'S INK BLOT TEST 30

A "do-it-yourself" psychological test where you find out what your subconscious mind has been hiding, but what your friends all know.

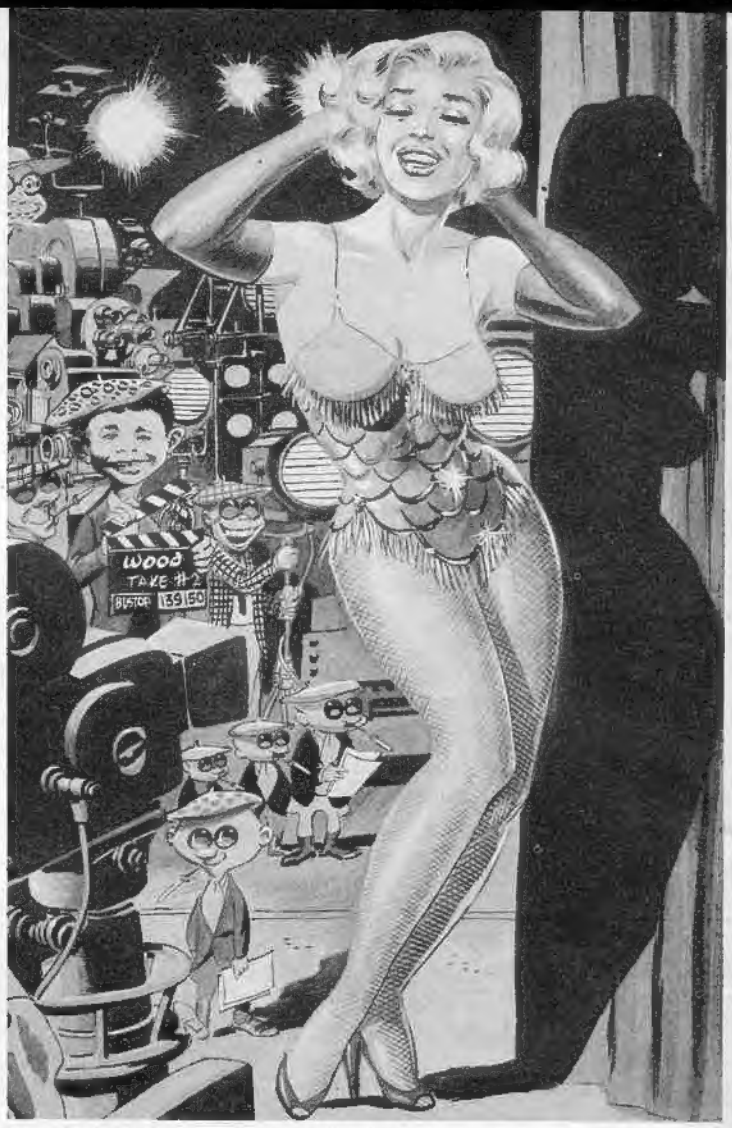
THE 35mm VS. THE BOX CAMERA . . 38

A discerning article on advantages 35mm camera affords over box camera, as far as extra equipment makers are concerned.

ORSON BEAN'S FAMILY ALBUM 41

Orson Bean graces **MAD** with pages from his family album depicting his illustrious ancestors, gambles on chance of joining them.

THE OLD MARYLIN left Hollywood in disgust after repeatedly being typecast, like f'rinstance in "There's No Business Like Show Business" (above) she played part of shapely dumb blonde who sings and does real sexy dance.



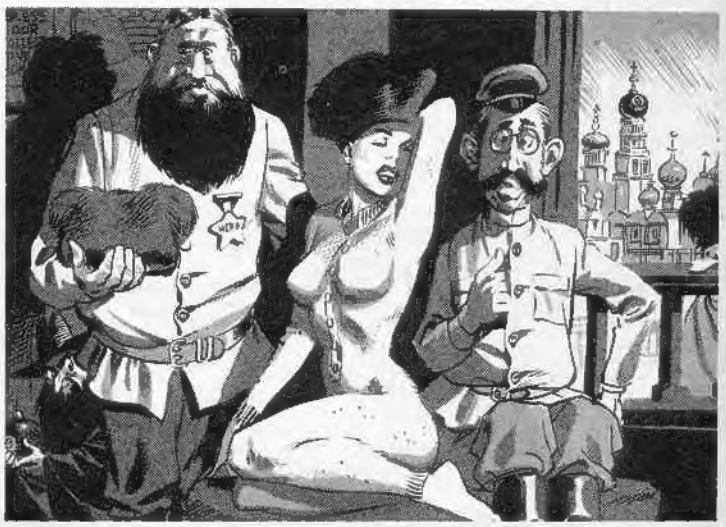
THE NEW MARYLIN went to N. Y., studied at The Actors' Studio, returned to Hollywood, and won coveted roles, like f'rinstance in "Bus Stop" (above) she played part of shapely dumb blonde who sings and does real sexy dance.

THE NEW MARYLIN'S FUTURE (BELOW) HAS BEEN ASSURED

STARS WITH SIR LAUWRENCE OLIVIER

FABULOUS ACTING ABILITY will be apparent when Marylin co-stars with Sir Lauwrence Olivier in "The Slipping Prince". Fabulous acting ability will be demonstrated, as Marylin emotes, by Olivier who will keep a straight face.

WINS LONGED-FOR DOSTOEVSKI ROLE



MOVIEGOERS WILL BE DUMBFOUNDED when the New Marylin is given part in "The Brothers Karamazov"...will be even more amazed by her performance in part . . . role of Melvinski Karamazov, the youngest of the three brothers.

***A little knowledge is a dangerous thing*
—Arthur Miller

INCREASE THE CIRCULATION DEPT.

Right away, we open up with an eye-opening article. Yes, gang, this article will open your beady little eyes to the amazing differences between the old and . . .

THE NEW Marylin Marone

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

Lately, there's been a whole bunch of articles published in leading magazines concerning "The New Marylin". And since MAD is a leading magazine (it leads you down the road to mental deterioration!), we decided that we, too, ought to do an article on "The New Marylin". We decided this after we'd done a lot of thinking about these other articles we'd seen. We thought about the amazing facts we'd seen published in these articles. We thought about the amazing speculations we'd seen published in these articles. But mainly we thought about the amazing pictures we'd seen published in these articles.

Ma-rone!

OLD MARYLIN publicity-stills like above show her posing in revealing attire. Note off-the-shoulder gown.

NEW MARYLIN publicity-stills like above show her posing in tasteful attire. Note added shoulder straps.

THE OLD MARYLIN, conscious of her physical attributes, married physical specimen, famous baseball star.

THE NEW MARYLIN, now conscious of her mental attributes, married mental specimen, famous playwright.

THROUGH HARD WORK, STUDY, AND MAINLY PLENTY PUBLICITY

STARS IN BROADWAY STAGE PLAY

BROADWAY THEATERGOERS WILL ACCLAIM the New Marylin for her first legitimate stage role in new play, written especially for her by famed husband, when she plays part of Wilma Loman in "The Death of a Saleslady".

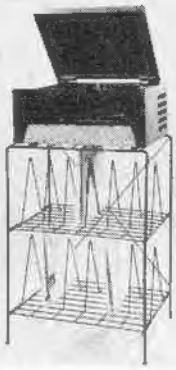
MAKES HOLLYWOOD HALL OF FAME

ULTIMATE TRIUMPH will be when New Marylin joins Movie Hall of Fame with such greats as Garbo, Barrymore, and Valentino in recognition of her best picture...the picture that made her...the picture on that there calendar.

***Heaven will protect the working girl*
—Ava Gardner

Real Advertisements

IF YOU LIKE TO COLLECT RECORDS



and want lots of storage space; this table-sized black wrought-iron cabinet is just waiting for your collection to grow into! 12 compartments hold over 250 albums. Top accommodates largest player made! Sturdy, 30" high x 22" x 17". Please remit $14.95; shipped exp. collect. ©Leslie Creations, Dept. 39 A, Lafayette Hill, Pa.

ARE YOU MAD?

BURNED UP, that is. Become a REGISTERED CRITIC and tell the world off. Criticize women, sports, politics, radio, TV, your wife's cooking or MAD Magazine with the authority and assurance of a recognized critic. Adorn your bare lapel with the handsome, bronze REGISTERED CRITIC PIN. A parchment wall certificate and impressive membership card proclaims your powers and renders opposition useless. A REGISTERED CRITIC KIT contains the whole works — *ready for immediate use.* Only $2.00 POSTPAID.

CRITICS PANEL M-1
Box 3113, Philadelphia 50, Pa.
I am MAD. Send me .....
REGISTERED CRITIC KITS at $2.00 each.
I enclose $.....
NAME .....
(Please Print
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....
Please add sheet for gift orders.

NOW IN FULL COLOR!

"What, me worry?"

"WHAT—ME WORRY?" kid reproductions in *full color,* suitable for framing and patching colored wall paper are now available for 25c. Mail money to: Dept. "What—COLOR?", c/o MAD, Rm. 706, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

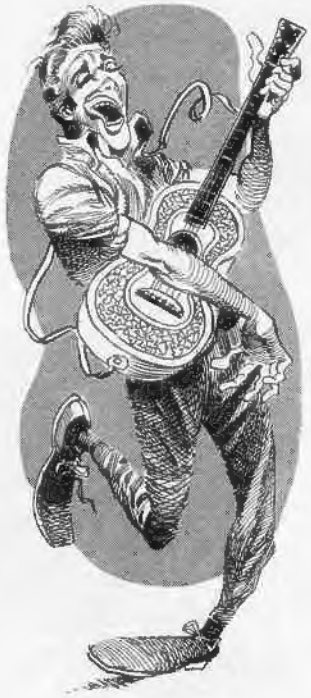
LETTERS DEPT.

ELVIS PELVIS

How dare you! The nerve of you! How could you write such an article on my idol, the one, the only Elvis Presley! Man, I dig him the most! I dig you too! But keep it up, and I'll dig you a grave!!
Dotti Stavin
Huntington, L. I.

I just read your stupid article on Elvis Presley. I happen to be a fan of Mr. Presley's, and not your crummy magazine. Just keep it up if you want to lose the few readers you've got! You've just lost one—me! I don't think that "Pelvis" bit was one bit funny.
Jean Menti
East Canaan, Conn.

I think your Dec. issue of MAD stinks. Anyone who writes the way you did about Elvis Presley is probably jealous because they haven't got his looks or talent.
Jan Baldwin
Memphis, Mich.



Jealous of talent?

I am an Elvis Pelvis fan, and when I first saw your article I was disgusted. But after a better look, I thought it was the best article you have ever put into your great magazine.
Gary DeLain
Jamestown, N. Y.

We hate you! What a scroungy article in your rag about our idol, Elvis. We just wish the electricity wired into Elvis's guitar was wired into your head. Besides, he doesn't even use an electric guitar.
Elvis Presley Fan Club
Orland, Calif.

I have always wondered why the people who go to see Elvis Pelvis jump out of their seats, but thanks to you, now I know why!
Ronald P. Jones
Parkertown, Ohio

I really went "mad" over your story on Elvis (sigh) Pelvis.
Michael Mason
Montclair, N. J.

I thought the article described him perfectly.
Dan Galloway
Macon, Ga.

Many thanks for the "Elvis Pelvis" article. It was really great.
Ronny Klugman
Springfield, N. J.

I think it's a scream.
Robert Masonheimer
Modesto, Calif.

Our apologies to Elvis Presley fans. It was all in fun. We believe Elvis is very talented. See pg. 35.—Ed.

ADS

I liked very much your subscription advertisement: "Vital Items You Can Buy for a Quarter" on the inside rear cover of your December issue. You have convinced me. I am going to save that quarter. I'm not going to buy the next issue of MAD.
Harold Weiss
Havana, Cuba

What's the idea of putting a "real ad" in your December issue of MAD, especially something stupid like Elevator Shoes. Who in the world would want to be two inches taller?
Mickey Rooney
Cincinnati, Ohio

CAPTAIN HOOK

In "Morbid Dick", you showed a picture of Captain Hook with the hook on his left arm. In "Pulp Magazines", you showed him with the hook on his right arm. You guys are gonna get in trouble with the Brotherhood of Pirates if you aren't more careful.
Tom Player
Houston, Texas

***A stitch in time saves nine*
—Conrad Steiner

ADVICE

Your Advice Department has given me the courage to go on.

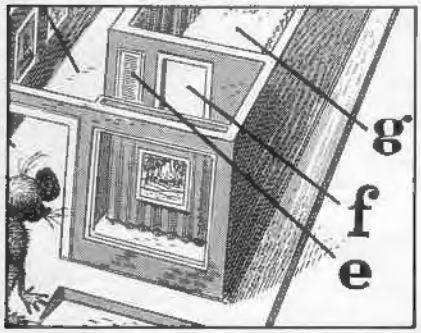
Louis Callahan
Seattle, Wash.

MOUSE TRAPS

I have come to the conclusion that you men at MAD are farshimmilt. After close examination, I discovered a serious error in your "Mouse Trap" article. In the Artistic Approach, door to salon E is labeled F, and sign F is labeled E. This confused me no end.

Robert Monement.
Seattle, Wash.

Confused labels



Think of how it confuses the mouse. Seriously, Bob, along with many sharp-eyed readers, noted our error.—Ed.

I am writing in protest to your article on "More Civilized Mousetraps". Has it ever occurred to you that perhaps we mice don't want any kind of mousetraps at all?

Free Fall Ferris
So. Orange, N. J.

Completely convinced by your article, I constructed a replica of "The Psychological Approach". After one session, our mouse solved all his problems (namely an inferiority complex), happily paid the outlandish bill, and promptly beat the daylights out of our cat. Please forward the name of a Cat Psychiatrist, as pussy now has the inferiority complex.

Chips Koehler
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WALT DIZZY

You have some nerve making fun of Walt Dizzy's money vaults. What is wrong with having a safe place to keep one's life savings. Keep it up, Dizz, old man, and never mind what they say about you.

Jack Benny
Hollywood, Calif.

MAD will be happy to learn that I have just discovered another field in which I can make money. I am suing you!

Walt Dizzy
Hollywood, Calif.

MERIT BADGES

Your suggestions for cribbing in exams were really very helpful. The result was a fantastic high A in English. One question: How can I lick the Geometry test coming up if I still see the English notes on the insides of my eyelids?

Tim Lachman
Chester, Pa.

I have faithfully fulfilled all the requirements needed to earn the Defacing Mad Merit Badge. Every billboard, poster, rest-room wall, fence, sidewalk, and white house has either a funny face or the Gettysburg Address scribbled on it. Now please tell me the requirements for getting out of jail.

John Doe
Nyack, N. Y.

I attempted to copy the Rime of the Ancient Mariner on the inside of my left eyelid but became discouraged when my eye kept rolling under the couch.

Marty Karpen
Chicago, Ill.

I just can't get smoke from a chocolate cigar. Help me.

Phil Duffey
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

OLD COMIC'S HOME

I've just finished your article on "The Old Comic Strip Characters' Home". Do you mean to say that Miss Fury (No. 47) has faded into obscurity? If so, where's that home of yours located?

Ken Mayer
Tucson, Ariz.

Obscure Miss Fury?

The artists of the Toledo Blade are mad about your MAD. My partner, Allen Saunders writes continuity for "Steve Roper" and "Mary Worth". We see where both strips were represented by Wood in "The Old Comic Strip Characters' Home". Now, when fans ask "What ever became of Chief Wahoo?", we can show them Woody's candid shot of him on the roof, sending a smoke signal, apparently to his old pal, "Steve Roper". And Ken Ernst is making "Mary Worth" more lovely every day, changing her quite a bit from your "Apple Mary", shown in retirement on that page.

Elmer Woggon
Toledo, Ohio

BOWLING

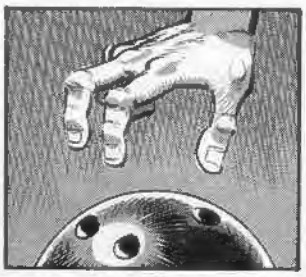
Last week, we went bowling, and followed MAD's directions for playing and scoring. My friend bowled 301. Who goofed?

Bruce Furic
Millburn, N. J.

For your information, the bowling ball is not held by the thumb, middle and index fingers. It is held by the thumb, the middle finger, and the ring finger. Imbeciles.

Jean Roy
Portland, Oregon.

Imbecile's Bowling Grip



Looks like we goofed. Reader Roy is right. No wonder we bowl awful.—Ed.

Is left out in article on Bowling that game was first invented by Comrade Nickoli Josef Bowlinskitov who started rolling cannonballs at Czarist troops when we using up ammunition.

N. Lenin Jr.
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

SELF DEFENSE

Gee Whiz! Your article on "The Manly Art of Self Defense" was keeno! Neaty—super! Now we'll show those nasty old West Side bullys!

Hiram Dinkerpok
Long Beach, Calif.

You guys are nuts! Your article on Self Defense is written all wrong. Don't you know the best self defense is to run?

James Eveland
San Francisco, Calif.

LETTERS

You know what I think? I think you Editors write all the letters that are in the Letter Dept. yourselves. I'll bet you throw out all the letters you get without reading them. In fact, I'm so sure, I'll bet you $1000.00 you won't print this letter.

Michael Wiesenberg
Calgary, Alberta, Can.

Send money to address below, Mike. Actually, all letters in this column are written by readers, including the gag letters. Cross our heart.—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Room 706, Dept. 31, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York

**Cold hands, warm heart
--Adm. Richard E. Byrd

With violent-type stuff like Rock 'n Roll, Hot-Rodding, Comic Books and Potsy under fire these days, Junior is having a hard time finding acceptable pastimes and reading matter that will allow him to blow off steam. Pop, on the other hand, is having no trouble blowing off steam. There's always Hunting and Fishing . . . and all that reading matter devoted to these delightful, acceptable pastimes. Reading matter like . . .

Field & Scream

I knew that I might never come back alive, but the lure of high adventure drove me on as . . .

I COURTED CERTAIN DEATH HUNTING THE NORTH AMERICAN CHIPMONK

by Major Lance Sturdley, D.S.O., M.C.
FIELD & SCREAM's Indiscriminate Slaughter Editor

It was the tense grind of close-quarters hunting that wore me down until my life was a combination of frayed nerves, foul temper, and sheer exhaustion . . . and mainly, I hadn't killed anything yet. The knowledge of certain danger dogged my every move as I crept through the dense underbrush, starting at every noise, and conjuring up terrifying pictures with my over-worked imagination.

But, you ask, what possible danger can there be in hunting a twelve-ounce, fully mature North American chipmonk?

The danger of certain death, I say, is not when you meet up with that twelve-ounce, fully mature North American chipmonk. The danger of certain death is when you meet up with that one-hundred-and-eighty pound, immature North American trigger-happy hunter!

PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS

IRV BLINTZ casts for bass, using old method which calls for $1252.63 worth of equipment.

AFTER fourteen hours on lake, Irv Blintz displays day's catch: 2 spotted bass and a sunfish.

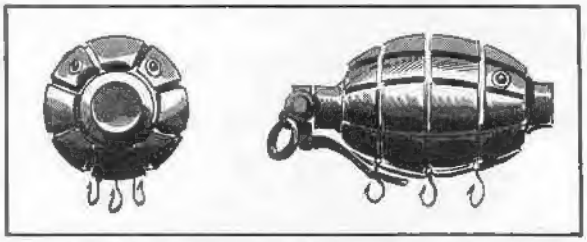
FIELD & SCREAM'S EXCITING DEVELOPMENT . . . A SENSIBLE METHOD TO . . .

INCREASE YOUR BASS CATCH

ANOTHER NEW ANGLE FROM THE OLD ANGLER

Have any of you veteran bass fishermen ever figured out just how much each bass you catch *costs* you? Even if you are lucky enough to catch the legal limit every day of the bass season, by the time you add up vital fishing expenses like cabin rent, transportation, beer, band-aids, beer, cigarettes, and beer, you're going to find that you simply can't afford to fish for those few bass you've been catching! The return just isn't there. Not in proportion to the original investment.

Now we are aware that, in order to solve this urgent problem confronting frustrated and financially over-extended bass fishermen, a rival outdoor-type magazine has developed an irresponsible method of bass fishing. It is guaranteed (they say) to increase your catches, to insure your going over the legal limit, and thus make your bass-fishing financially sound. Their irresponsible method is: *dynamite!* Friends, this method is not only vile, it is foolhardy! This method is not only ill-advised, it is downright dangerous! Any idot who is a true sportsman knows that to be discovered carrying cumbersome electric cables, "B" batteries, T.N.T. sticks and a detonator near a lake well-stocked with bass, is to invite suspicion from those nosey Fish and Game Wardens. We at FIELD & SCREAM have developed our own *sensible* method.



FIELD & SCREAM's exciting new development is guaranteed to increase bass catches. Attached hooks make grenade look like a clever lure.

Our sensible method is: *hand grenades!*

War surplus hand grenades, recently tested by our staff, were found to offer many real advantages over the foolhardy dynamite method. Chief advantage is, you can hide grenades in your pocket, thus avoiding suspicion. Concussion grenades are best suited for deep water work where they can reach down and destroy even the fish eggs, thus eliminating *all* bass within the blast area. Fragmentation grenades give excellent results when used in shallow water near the lake shore where ricochet effect often eliminates any fishermen who might be dangerous witnesses to this exciting sport. So try our sensible method, friends. It keeps that old budget down!

One last word of caution, friends: after you pull the detonating ring on the grenade and count to ten, don't forget to let go! Good luck and good fishing! *The Crafty Old Angler.*

***Spare the rod and spoil the child*
—Minol F. Jelke Sr.

MILTON FORBISHER casts for bass, using new FIELD & SCREAM sensible, low cost method.

FOURTEEN seconds later, Milton Forbisher displays fantastic catch of large small-mouthed bass.

CONTINUED

HUNTERS in unsheltered blinds spend long, miserable hours shivering in fog, rain and near-freezing temperature, wait for ducks to show up.

WHEN FLOCK finally does appear, hunters are usually too numb from amount of liquid warmer imbibed to get off accurate shot, often miss . . .

***A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*
—John J. Audubon

Go out to your favorite blind with* FIELD & SCREAM's *new-type decoys, and we guarantee you'll find that . . .

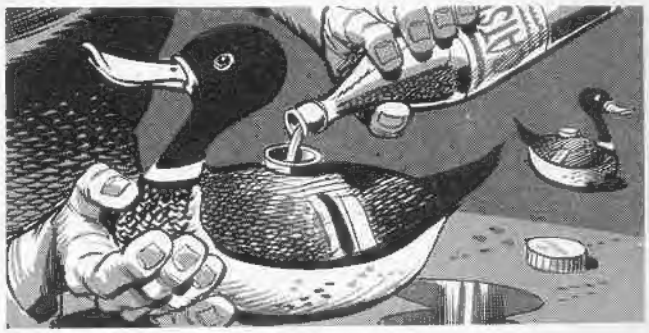
DUCK HUNTING CAN BE FUN!

by Col. Lancelot Borscht-Bagel, A.M., F.M.
FIELD & SCREAM's Duck Hunting and Chicken-Flicking Editor.

There's no doubt about it, gang! Much as we duck hunters will hate to admit it, crouching in that swamp-blind hour after hour, through fog and rain and near-freezing temperatures, just to get off a few scattered shots at a flock of Mallards that might chance by, certainly takes the fun out of this otherwise invigorating sport.

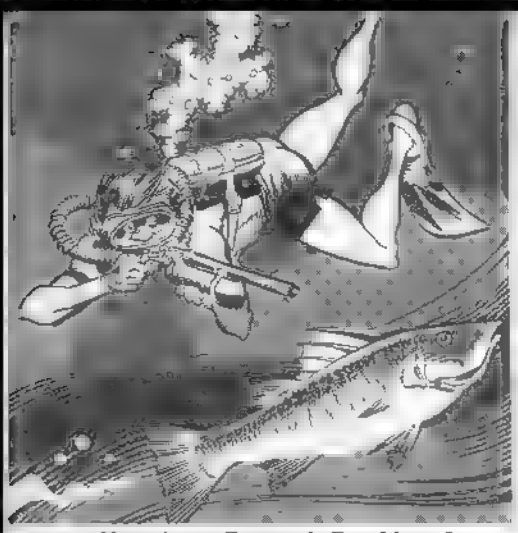
FIELD & SCREAM's new-type duck decoy eliminates all that discomfort once and for all. With this decoy, you can go out to your favorite blind anytime you care to . . . on a sunny day at high noon in the middle of Summer if you prefer . . . and SHOOT THOSE DUCKS!

Yes, gang, after years of research, your duck hunting editor is finally able to announce FIELD & SCREAM's new development . . . the boon to hunters everywhere. Vinyl Plastic Decoys filled with ketchup. Just float 'em out on that lake, blast away, and experience the thrill we duck hunters usually spend miserable hours waiting for, as that near-convincing blood spatters in all directions. No more patience required. Just a little imagination.

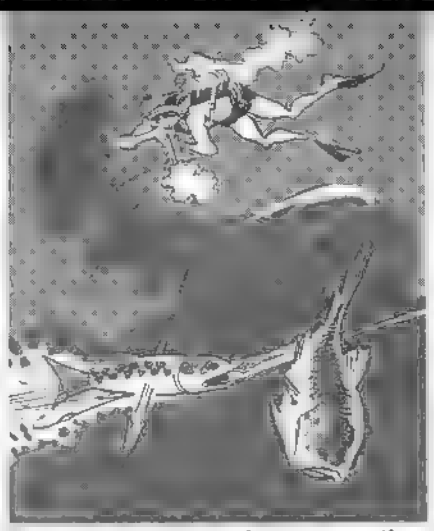


FIELD & SCREAM's revolutionary new development in duck decoys.

Now, with FIELD & SCREAM's new-type Vinyl Plastic Decoys, duck hunters can experience the thrill of the kill without suffering all the pain and misery and discomfort of crouching in a cold, damp unsheltered swamp-blind.



Skin diver Fenwick Furd lets fly gas gun harpoon at herring target.



But harpoon misses herring, strikes killie on hook being used as bait...

Skin diver Furd is reeled in by excited fisherman on party boat above.

For refreshing new thrills in the sport of killing fish, try...

SKIN DIVING

by Rear Admiral Ozgood (Glugg) Z'Beard, U.S.L.H.S. (Ret.)
FIELD & SCREAM's Underwater Editor.

If you're a deep-sea fisherman, and you're beginning to get bored with having to spend long hours in a boat, jigging bait, waiting for that occasionally hungry fish to strike, then skin diving is the sport for you. Now you can go right down there and get those big ones whether they're hungry or not!

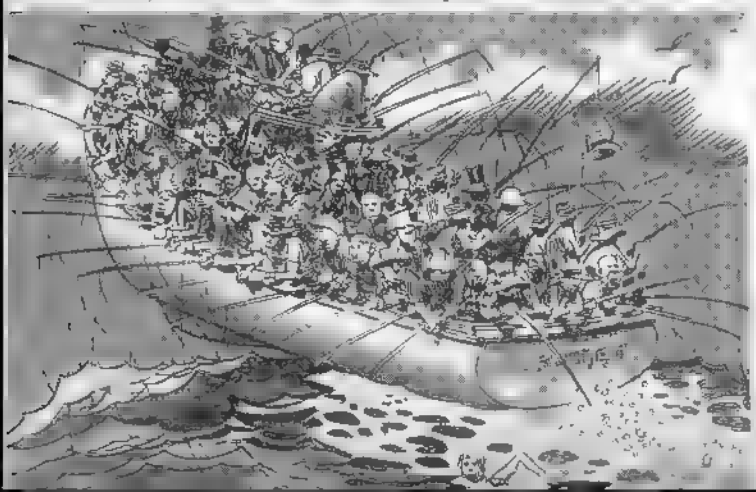
If the excitement of feeling a squirming blowfish on the end of your line has worn thin, then great new thrills await you. You haven't lived till you've had a red snapper impaled on the end of a sling gun spear!

If you've grown tired of reeling in limp sea robbins so you can bash them over the head to put them out of their misery, then you don't know what you're missing. Wait until you see what happens to a porgy when you hit it with a gas gun harpoon!

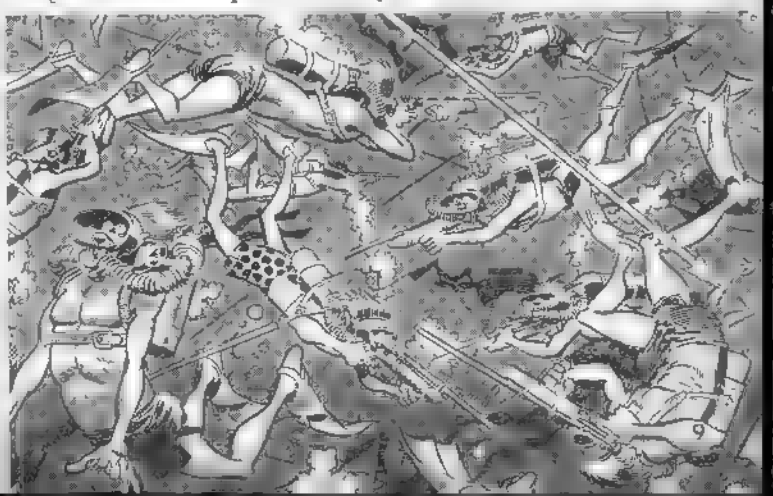
Sportsmen, start enjoying this satisfying new sport today! All you need is a diving mask, a pair of swim fins, compressed air breathing gear, a spear gun, and a lust for life. Some poor fish's life And you're set. So whet your appetite on these fascinating pictures of skin divers in action, and then rush down to your favorite sporting goods store. Join the growing ranks of fishermen who are daily tangling with fish on their own grounds, and turning the cool green depths into a gore-streaked sickly scarlet. CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Nothing deters skin diver Walt Goober as he eagerly stalks evasive flounder through sunken Spanish galleon.

Fishermen on crowded party boat above bake in hot sun, wait for bites as they stand elbow to elbow



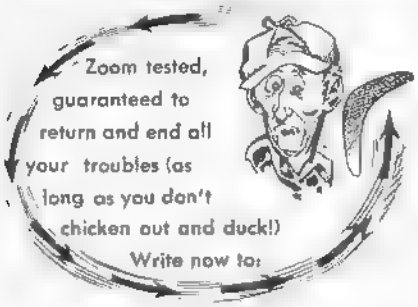
...while skin divers in cool depths below stalk fish and dodge misfired harpoons as they swim elbow to elbow.



Sportsmen! Learn to throw a

BOOMERANG!

Only $5.98, two for $11.00



Dept. "Rebound", Wham, South Dakota.

"DOWN BOY!"

DOG TRAINER WHISTLES

Only $1.00 postpaid

Rush your order now for this sensational dog whistle. Emits ear-splitting shriek. Plastic mouthpiece allows firm grip, resists tooth wear. Allows you to train to lie, heel, sit up and beg, and even point, once your dog learns to blow it and you become accustomed to that ear-splitting shriek. Send money now to:

"Down Boy!", Whiplash, Oregon.

SPORTSMEN

GET LOST!

Camp Portage in Great North Woods. Experience thrill of fighting your way back to civilization. Free survival kit included. We guarantee 100 to 1 odds you will never be seen again. Have the time of what's left of your life! Write to

POTTERS, FIELD, CANADA

ARMY SURPLUS

LAND MINES

$11.98 each.

Why bother to go to all the trouble of stalking that deer or that grizzly bear when you can bury one of our Army Surplus Land Mines and let the critters blow themselves sky high. And think of the uproarious fun when some nosy Game Warden comes blundering by!

Rush Money to: Sky High, Blamm, Ga.

ARMY SURPLUS

MINE DETECTORS

$13.50 each

Hunters! Don't fall prey to other hunters who have sent in to above advertiser. Afford yourself a fighting chance. Act now. Before it is too late!

Rush money to: Look Out, Fzzt, Ga.

FIELD & SCREAM'S

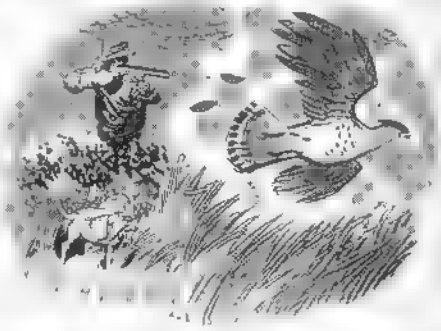
FISHING & HUNTING TIPS

by Private Elmo Klunk, U.S.M C., Dishon. Disch.

TIE YOUR OWN FLIES

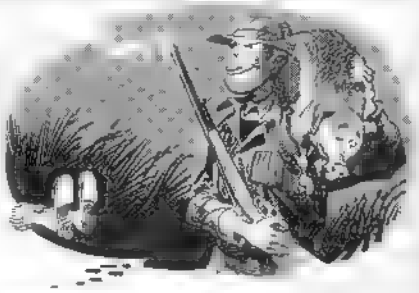
TYING your own flies can be an enjoyable and profitable pastime on those long evenings between seasons when you can't get out there and kill fish. Even the less-skilled can quickly learn to tie flies. Just make sure the various colored silk threads you use will be able to withstand abuse, as those flies kick up quite a storm when you get them tied down and you begin pulling their wings off.

FLUSHING QUAIL



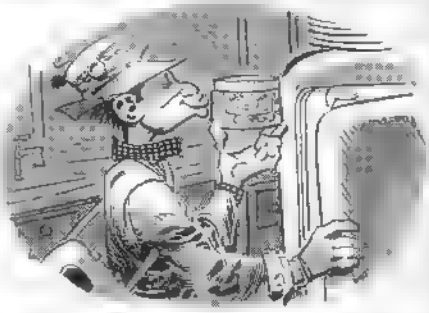
FLUSHING quail is always a touchy task for the blast-happy bird hunter, especially when he goes over the legal limit and stands a chance of being caught because the Game Warden is at the front door. If feathers are plucked promptly upon arriving home, quail can be easily flushed, since absence of feathers allows them to slip down water closet without blocking.

CHECK THAT BORE



BORE trouble can be a serious problem for hunters. Bad aim and a missed deer are often the results. If you're out in the woods with a hunting party, and you're unlucky enough to develop bore trouble, nip the problem in the bud. Grab your rifle and shoot him before he ruins the whole trip.

KEEPING WORMS



EXCELLENT results can be obtained if you keep those big, fat, juicy night crawlers in the refrigerator until the little woman lets you go fishing again. Just be sure to store them in a clear plastic container. By George, you'll be going fishing sooner than you think when the little woman takes one look and packs off to her mother's house.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Last month, as a service to hunters everywhere, the editors of FIELD & SCREAM presented a tabulation of game seasons for each state in the Union. Since then, most states have revised or changed their game season dates. We shall print a full list of vital corrections in our next issue. Meanwhile, too bad if you get arrested!

**All the world's a stage, and all the people merely players
—Cecil B. DeMille

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

One against four.

All the news that's fit to print
—Bob Harrison

Billy Poobah, son of Mr. & Mrs. Jim Poobah, took a bicycle ride yesterday. But imagine his surprise when he returned home to find his father waiting for him with a hairbrush. It seems that the bike Billy took for a ride wasn't his. It belonged to the little boy next door.

The other day, while perusing pages of a little-known weekly paper called "The Abeline Gardening Club and P.T.A. Gazette", we ran across the above story . . . and it started us thinking. What if this story were picked up by all those wire-services like UP, AP, and URRP, and sent around the country? What would happen to it? Here then is MAD's version of how some newspapers, magazines, and columnists would treat the very same . . .

item

As Pegler Sees It:

A Delinquent Chip off the Old Blockhead

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

I SEE they finally caught up with this guy, this Billy whatzisname, this Poobah whack out in Kansas. But what doesn't surprise me and shouldn't surprise anybody who got out of the sixth grade on his own hook and has half a brain for what's going on and isn't a bunch of dopes is that it's this same Poobah character whose old man was a charter member of the Roosevelt-Truman-Juan Peron-Falange, that carried the citizens of Abeline, along with their votes, in its hip pocket for so long.

And it's the same Poobah, the old man this time, who under cover of being a janitor in one of those egg-head high schools, carried wastebaskets for years in one hand, and his party membership card in the other. And you know what I think of Eleanor Roosevelt.

Before janitor, this slob was a patrol leader in Boy Scout Troop 18, the notorious commy-front group I exposed last Christmas Eve.

It was his old lady who used to bake cookies for the Salvation Army's Send-a-Boy-to-Camp Movement, (alias the Abraham Lincoln Brigade), the same summer camp, you recall, which brought together such commy-loving cronies as you know what I think of Eleanor Roosevelt.

It stinks. The whole thing stinks. You stink.

HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

Epic Crime To Be Movie Epic

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

SNAPSHOTZ OF HOLLYWOOD COLLECTED AT RANDOM . . . Well folks, all Movieland is agog. Because underneath all that tinsel and glamour, people here are just like folks. What I'm trying to tell you is William Wyler stopped by my house this morning on the way to the studio because, as Bill put it, he couldn't wait to tell me the happy news.

Charles Bickford

So here is the exclusive news Bill told me over a cup of coffee in the kitchen. He has purchased the exclusive rights to the "Billy Poobah Story". That was the story you will recall, of the little boy out in Joplin, St. Louis, who stole a bicycle and did all those terrible things. Bill also wanted me to know exclusively that he has lined up Sal Mineo to play Billy, and, of course, June Alyson will play Billy's motner. Charles Bickford, that wonderful old character actor, will play Billy's bicycle.

DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

Billy (The Kid) Yields In Daylight Nab

Abeline, Aug. 16 — For sex hours today, citizens of Abeline, shocked by one of the most bizarre crimes committed in these parts since the bawdy, sexy, early frontier days, waited for the capture of the hopped-up, sex-crazed bicycle-thief, sex-year-old Billy Poobah.

The self-styled badman, wearing a Davy Crockett cap and a pair of faded, hand me-down levis, was finally nabbed in his tree-house hideout along with several accomplices. (Latest reports fail to implicate any of these in the actual theft, although they are all being held as material witnesses.)

Gives up without a fight

Exhibiting the crooked sneer of the incorrigible juvenile delinquent, Billy Poobah was dragged, screaming, into his father's bedroom. (See photos in center fold). Through wild eyes, red-rimmed with debauchery, he looked out on what promised to be his last view of outside faces for at least sex days.

Sheriff refuses comment

The Sheriff's Office refused comment on whether or not Poobah was thought to be the mastermind behind a series of bicycle thefts and sex crimes which have terrorized Abeline for the past sex weeks.

(Compete with professionals! The NEWS pays five dollars for on the spot newstips and unfounded rumors.)

Lovely Vava Voom, starring in m
melting into cake of ice while sing
playing at your local theatre, so y

In One Head and Out

PEOPLE ARE ALW
WHO BEC

Now you can lear
Kitzenger Pe
opposi

Daily Worker

Sharecropper's Son Victim Of International Banker's Plot

Abeline, Kan. Aug. 16 (TASS) — Once more, the hands of American Justice were tied, this time by a wolf-pack of insane, blood-hungry Capitalists, who stormed a rotted and battered farmhouse in the center of the great Kansas Dust Bowl, and with savage screams of "Kill the peasant!", dragged out onto the cropless dry earth the broken and mutilated body of little comrade Billy Poobah.

With typical American Capitalist decadent mob-rule efficiency, they kicked the peasant child as far as the nearest leafless tree, and there, in the words of the popular, pseudo-cowboy, movie-star-propagandists, they "strung him up" for his crime.

Comrade Billy Poobah's only crime was being poor.

This Thursday night, a Memorial Rally for Billy Poobah will be held in Madison Square Garden. Paul Robeson will sing "The Ballad of Billy Poobah", and a collection will be made. Don't fail to attend. Don't fail to bring money.

FILMS RADIO VIDEO MUSIC STAGE

VARIETY

POOBAH TRIAL DOES BOFFO B.O.

'Billyboy' SRO Click in Stix

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

EDITORIAL PAGE

Journal American (NEW YORK)

"The end of everything is the beginning of nothing."
—William Randolph Hearst

An Open Letter To Billy Poobah

WE'VE NEVER met you, Billy. You may be short, or tall, or fat, or thin, or all those things. We don't know. We may even like you. Someday.

BUT NOT TODAY!

NO, BILLY. Not today. For today, you are an angry man, full of the stone-headed UNREASONABLENESS that has cursed all the angry men who have gone before you.

THE NAPOLEONS, THE HITLERS, THE STALINS, THE ROOSEVELTS!

WE KNOW your crime, Billy. And somehow, we feel that tomorrow, you will regret that crime. AT LEAST WE HOPE YOU DO! For stone-headed UNREASONABLENESS can never contend with TRUTH and HONESTY and SINCERITY and LOVE and HONOR and AMERICANISM.

NOT FOR LONG!

SO TRY, Billy. Try for a moment to look across your narrow road, and see what's on the other side. See what you've done to the people on the other side of that road. See how you have hurt those people . . . PEOPLE WHO LOVE YOU, IN SPITE OF THAT HURT.

WE'VE NEVER met you, Billy. But someday, we may even like you.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The New York Times

BOY, THREE, HELD IN BIKE THEFT

Abeline Youth is Accused of Stealing New Bicycle by Neighbor's Boy

By ROBERT BUCK

Special to The New York Times

ABELINE, Kan., Aug. 16 – It is alleged to have been reported by hitherto reliable but as yet unconfirmed sources, that a young man was indicted in Abeline, Kan., on a charge of third degree petty larceny. His name is being withheld, presumably pending investigation by proper authorities. This report has been neither confirmed nor denied by local officials.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE NATION

For Billy, No Santa Claus

Out on the hot, hard, dirt-caked streets of Abeline, Kansas, there was sadness today. For the first time in his brief life, little Billy Poobah (rhymes with Poo-Bah) knew the meaning of fear. Billy, who is short (2'6"), partly bald, and old beyond his thirty-seven months, was taken into custody on a charge of small theft. There, in the hot, hard, dirt-caked bedroom of his small Kansas farmhouse, Father Poobah prepared Billy for his Armageddon. (For Billy's reaction, see DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.)

美國日報

中共究將犯台與否那麼堅持圖有由

香港臺灣 POOBAH 統稱應保證航行自同不法

兩種不 · 報料 · 日機方合談不易即有結果

台注中國外以易 台機建人機新聞深

南越市政降南越 將恩鈞令命抗議

合門對人降廣播 似中共主宰這種

關閉

中國民航機一架 五日自台北飛入

你大新年度合門 對共產方均非常

台灣商運入國 入免減少進口稅林

why I write Poetry

by Percy Dovetonsils

MR. ERNIE KOVACS

Many times, mayhap at eve tide or better still at ebb (of same), the query has come at me Why, Percy, do you write poetry?

I ponder this question now as I relax in my neat little kitchen with my pink organdy curtains softly blowing to and fro and vice versa. I look upon my mauve porcelain table, atop which sits my toaster of chartreuse and chromium hues reflecting portions of my refrigerator smartly finished in brilliant aqua and Betty-Furness Beige . . . and I wonder aloud: "Why . . . why, indeed, Percy?

And the answer comes straight and clear as the crease in my seersucker slacks

Writing poetry keeps one young! And to the poet, a man is only as ode as he feels! (You'll pardon my small bit of facetiousness

After I have written a particularly sparkling piece, such as the delightful gem on the following pages, I throw wide my lavender French doors with the cerise shantung knobs . . . and I cry to all and sundry, "I'm not afraid of you, Greater Gotham, Bronx, Brooklyn, nor Queens! I fear you not, oh rest of world . . . Paris London . . . Highstown, N. J

And then, as the tiny prickly bristles of my sturdy orchid welcome mat work into my innersoles and I knead the mat vigorously with my healthy pink toes, I thrust my shining face into the full force of the dawn's descending dew, and I smile

For I am no longer afraid

It is as Percy Bysshe Shelley once said

"Everybody talks about the weather, but darn the torpedoes and full speed ahead!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Good night, sweet Prince
—Grace Kelly

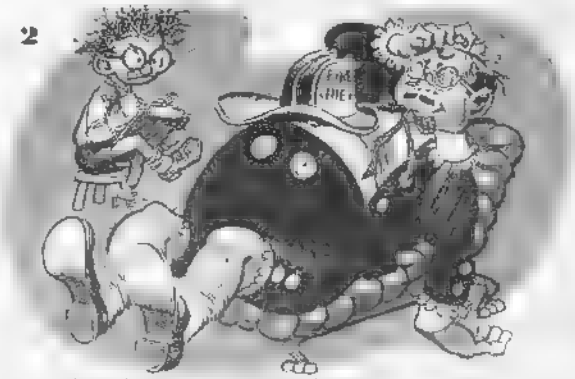
ODE TO STANLEY'S PUSSYCAT

by Percy Dovetonsils

1

I was a strong child and considered quite manly.
I lived in the suburbs next door to Stanley.

2



I planned to be a fireman; he planned to be a doctor
His mother taught psychiatry; honest! I could've socked her.

3

She taught her son to exert his mind on animal and friend.
What he did to his pussycat was just about the end.

4

Stanley's pussycat at first was just as nice as silk
He purred like other pussycats and always drank his milk.

5

Then that awful Stanley put his pussycat on the couch,
And psychoanalyzed poor pussy and made him such a grouch,

6

That pussy's personality slowly began to change.
His friendly purr became a snarl with an Yma Sumac range.

7

He'd sneak into the living room with steps as soft as satin,
Climb up on the cocktail bar, and mix a strong Manhattan.

8

He'd gulp it down and drop all shame and lose all sense of fear.
Then he'd drink a second one and spit the cherry at the mirror.

9

He'd drink till down, then down the street, he d stagger, round and fat
Soon everyone was gossiping 'bout Stanley's pussycat

10

His drinking went from bad to worse, 'twas really most disturbin',
He'd catch the mice at any bar in trade for a shot of Bourbon.

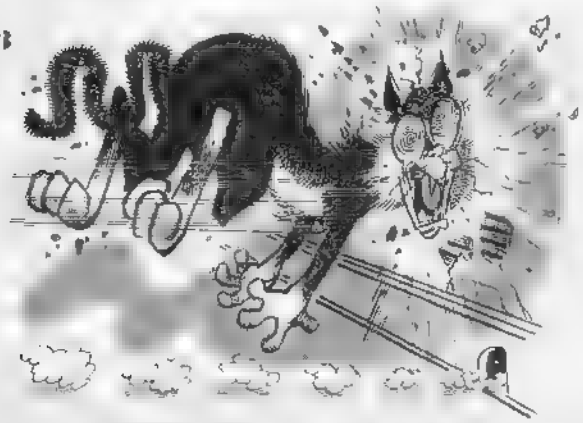
11

Stanley's pussycat became a drunk; he stole to purchase liquor.
When nice pussycats drank milk and cream, Stanley's would hiccup
and snicker.

12

Soon he couldn't catch the mice at all, the bars refused to pay him.
The mice ran away when he sneaked up on them, 'cause his breath
would always betray him.

13



They'd run into their little holes as he'd try to chase and fall.
His bloodshot eyes grew wide in surprise when he'd lurch into the wall.

14

Then one day the mice struck back, such sorrow you never felt, sir
When laughing with zest, from the medicine chest, they stole his
Alka Seltzer!

PICK-A-CARD DEPT.

***To err is human; to forgive, divine*
—Joe McCarthy

To this, the era of labor-saving and time-saving innovations, no industry has contributed more than the Greeting Card Industry. In the old days, unless it were for a standard occasion, like an anniversary or a birthday, one had to pen notes of congratulations, sympathy, etc. by hand. The Greeting Card companies, realizing that this was a waste of time, a waste of effort, and mainly a waste of profits, rallied to the cause. And today, the hand-penned note is a thing of the past. Today, there is a labor-saving, time-saving greeting card for every possible occasion and relationship. Well, almost every. After painstaking effort, MAD's research staff has come up with a few subjects not as yet covered by this inventive industry. Here then, before they appear on the market (and they will, we guarantee!) are some . . .

MAD GREETING CARDS

SO YOU'VE BEEN EVICTED!

My heart skips a beat
With you out on the street.
This treatment is disgraceful.
Your bed's got second base full!

Don't Let Them Needle You Because You Got Yourself TATTOOED!

The heart on your arm is full of sweet charm.
The ship on your chest is one of the best.
Just one small detail has me in a whirl:
Tattoos are okay, but . . . Gee, you're a girl!

Congratulations On Your Promotion!

Put your shoes on, Lucy,
Tho your toes are still juicy.
In the vats you once pranced,
But now, you're advanced
I know you'll do fine
On the bottling line,
Because you're a real corker!

TO MY FAVORITE NEWSY ABOUT WHOM I'M CHOOSY

You're fit companion for "Ladies' Home".
You've got the beat like "Metronome".
You keep the grime
Off "Life" and "Time".
Preserve "Confidential"
From rains torrential.
So tell me why you broke my arm
When I asked you if you had "Charm"?

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

Felicitations To A Despicable Disk Jockey

On the air you announce,
"Here's 'Blanket of Blue'!"
So how come the music
Sounds like 'Sweet Sue'?
For Sinatra and Clooney
You refer intimate, cozy,
To 'Dear Francis Albert'
And just plain 'Miss Rosie'.
Can it be that your knowledge
Of music's a jest?
Where's 'The Egyptian National Anthem'?
C'mon! Play my request!

So You've Had Your Nose Bobbed!

Your repulsive breather, once monstrous and huge,
Caused people who saw it to run for refuge.
When you decided to reduce your beak aquiline,
Your plastic surgeon didn't know where to begin.
But now that your scenter's petite as a geranium,
You're faced with a new problem . . . oversized cranium!

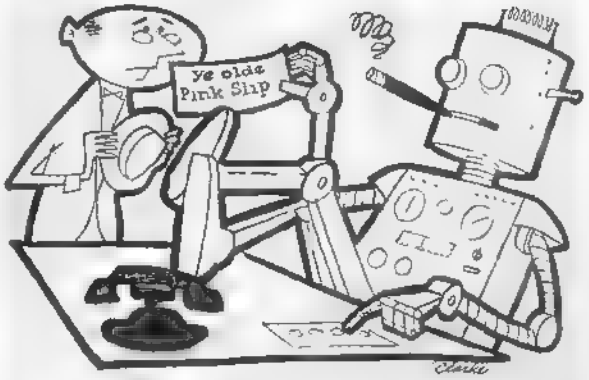
A Get-Well Card . . . To A Sick Sandhog

We're glad it's pressure of food partaken,
And not the bends . . . just your belly achin'!

SO YOU FAILED THE BAR EXAM AGAIN!

Do not fret, 'Clarence Darrow',
'Cause your brain is too narrow.
The life you were facing
Was ambulance chasing.
If you'd ever faced a jury of your peers,
You couldn't've hid those cauliflower ears.
So let this thought lend you sweet surcease:
At Stillman's you're still "The Great Mouthpiece"!

WE'RE ALL AGOG . . . 'CAUSE YOU LOST YOUR JOB!



It's causing us great consternation:
This replacement by Automation.

EAR TO THE ETHER DEPT.

Haven't you often wondered what other planets' inhabitants are thinking? Or, still better, what they are saying? (What they are thinking might be embarrassing.) If you really want to know, study these unusual pictures and quotations brought back from other planets by Basil Wolverton, MAD's roving space reporter.

Realizing the tremendous distances and time involved in such a project, MAD used unusual foresight and rocketed Wolverton into space in 1774 (The shot heard around the world.) On his return, Basil suddenly remembered he had neglected to stop delivery of daily papers and milk. As a reward for his services, MAD has promised to clean up mess accumulated in Wolverton front yard for the last 182 years.

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING AROUND THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Floyd Void, Intra, Venus: "What's all this fuss over Marilyn Monroe? She has only two legs!"

Boone Swoon, Olfather, Neptune: "What's all this fuss over Marilyn Monroe? She has twice as many legs as she should have!"

Graib Spoop, Canal #5, Mars: "My stars! How I love to eat our gooey Earth Candy Bars!"

Harry S. Irium, General Delivery, Jupiter: "I like MAD in twenty-five words or less because nothing inelegant is ever printed in it!"

Stanley Goovik, Asteroid 355: "This is the only place where civilization has reached a peak!"

Mandrill Oluren, Herschel, Uranus: "I used to like MAD better than anything because it had just the right amount of sulphur in the paper. But I took a bite out of Alfred E. Neuman last issue and he tasted just like the *Reader's Digest!*"

Wyncha Gimeah, Ring, Saturn: "Things are tough here. We've got nothing but clouds, and not even a potrzebie to cook in!"

Gertie Grunch, Bottled Water, Pluto: "I have one Grunch, but the eggplant over there!"

Sullivan Ford, Linkin, Mercury: "Nobody lives here but me, and I came here to hide my Elvis Presley records!"

Alfred E. Lumen, June, Moon: "What, me furry?"

NBC
AIZBO

AL "JAZZBO" COLLINS DEPT.

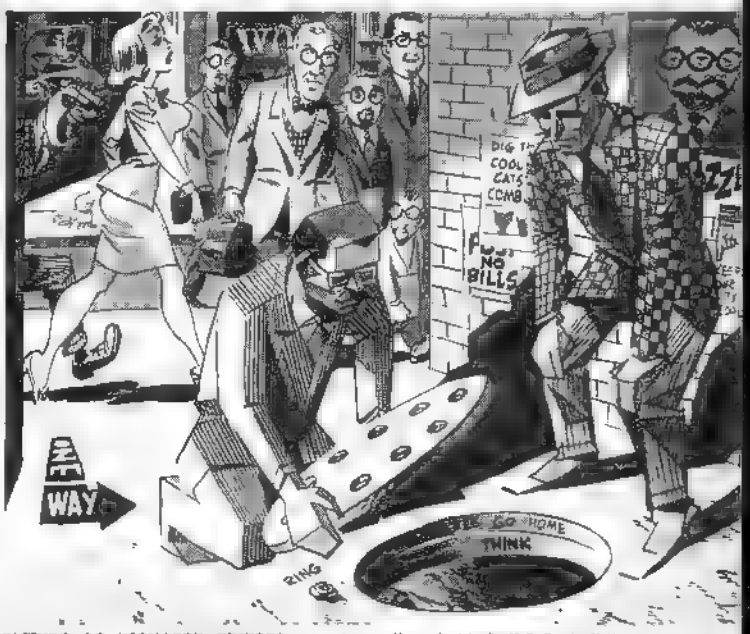
From the fabled labyrinths of "The Purple Grotto", Al 'Jazzbo' Collins' cool, chimerical kingdom deep beneath the sidewalks of New York, comes this next informative article which answers our question . . .

WHAT'S ALL THIS JAZZ ABOUT JAZZ

MR. AL "JAZZBO" COLLINS
N.B.C. Contemporary Music Communicator
(1-2 P.M. & 5-6 P.M. Daily)

The other day, your impulsive editors suddenly decided to do an article on Jazz. We suddenly decided to do this article on Jazz because we knew absolutely nothing about the subject, and we figured since we can't get much loot on this job, the least we can get is an education. So, since we wanted this article to be informative, since we wanted this article to be authoritative, and mainly since we wanted this article, we decided to seek out the help of *one of America's foremost authorities on the subject of Jazz,* Mr. Al "Jazzbo" Collins. (We got this article because we promised to say nice things like the above about Mr. Collins.) And so, the other day, according to explicit directions given us over the telephone, your editors slipped down a certain manhole in an alley behind the N.B.C. building, boarded an old hand-car which was waiting, and pumped our way over what seemed like miles of abandoned subway tracks to that mysteriously glowing cavern deep below the teeming streets of New York known as "The Purple Grotto". There, sitting at a round table, (There are no *square* tables in the Grotto!) waited our host, the Grotto's owner and operator, Al "Jazzbo" Collins . . . who is *one of America's foremost authorities on Jazz.* (Well, we promised!) On the following pages is a transcript of the exclusive and informative interview we had with Mr. Collins

that is, what we could *hear,* above the blare of Shorty Rogers and his Giants' latest LP, "Martians, Come Back!"



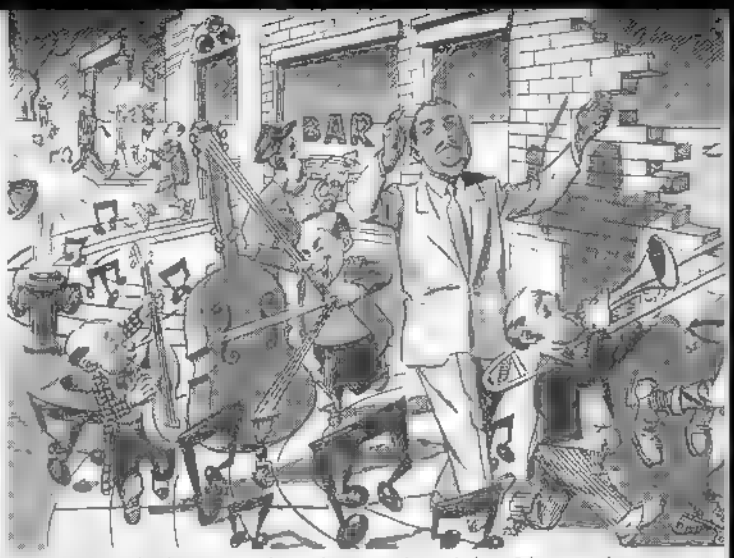
PICTURE OF "SQUARE" EDITORS entering alley behind N.B.C. building on way to "Purple Grotto" for enlightening interview on subject of jazz.

(LEFT) PICTURE OF "SQUARE" EDITORS interviewing "Jazzbo" Collins in his "Purple Grotto". Note interesting decor: Early American Cavern.

(BELOW) PICTURE OF "SQUARE" EDITORS in quest of musical education, pumping handcar over miles of abandoned subway tracks below N. Y. streets.

CONTINUED

THE BRAHMS WAY HOME...which is same old monotonous route every time.



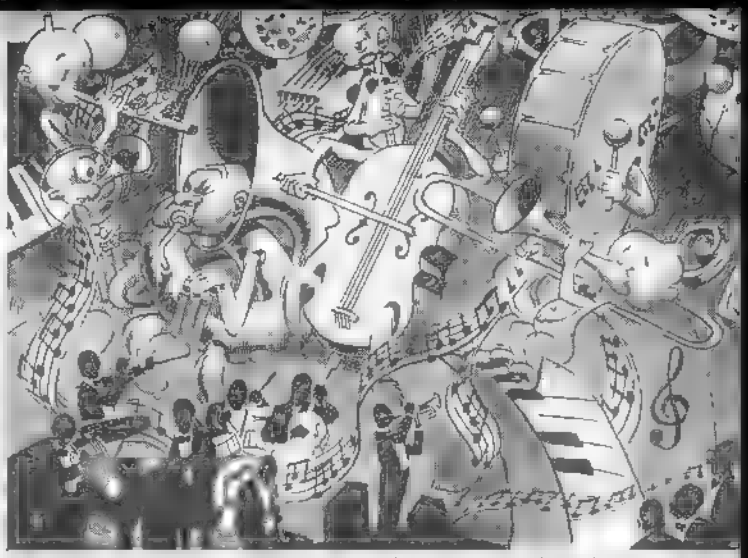
THE BASIE WAY HOME . . . where the route is varied so it's not a bore.

JAZZBO. Welcome to the Purple Grotto, Cats!
US: Mr. Collins, we're from MAD Magazine.
JAZZBO: Crazy, man!
US: Oh, is that Jazz talk?
JAZZBO: No man...that's an opinion!
US: Mr. Collins, we have a few questions we'd like to ask you...on the subject of Jazz.
JAZZBO: Pull up a purple mushroom and fire away, man.
US: Well, first...we're a little confused about what Jazz really is. Could you explain it to us?
JAZZBO: Well, man...Jazz can be likened to the route you take when you go home from school...or work. Only, instead of taking the same road home and passing the same fire hydrant and the same stores and the same holes in the road, which gets monotonous after a while, you...like, take a *different* route home...and you go around a side street and you see a different house. Now, you're *still* on your way home...you're going in the general direction...but you're not passing the same exact spot at the same exact time every night. See? So if you vary the route every time you go home, it's not a bore to you. And that's what they do to the theme when they play Jazz. They take a tune like *Stardust* or *How High The Moon*, and each musician tries a different route when he plays it.
US: Jazz is a kind of musical Utopia, then?
JAZZBO: It sure is! That's it! When a band is swingin', all the musicians are feeling very good as a result. They're individuals...and yet they're working in a group. And it's a good thing. It alleviates the difficulty of monotony. And it's a very democratic way of expressing yourself.
US: In other words, Jazz is freedom...
JAZZBO: Yeah...that's right. That's why it's strictly an American art form. And it's done a lot to promote America throughout the world. You know? I mean, Dizzy Gillespie went to Pakistan..
US: Do they really appreciate Jazz over there?
JAZZBO: Oh, yeah...yeah...they think it's the greatest. Louis Armstrong was telling me...in Paris!...Oh, man! And over in Sweden and Denmark and all those countries, they know every record and every musician that's been on American records. And they're a lot more *polite* to Jazz musicians over there than they are here. They consider them really artists, you know? Over here, everybody's got a real warped idea about Jazz musicians!
US: Then you would say that Jazz...
JAZZBO: In other words, Jazz is literally a variation on a theme. Like, if you've been sitting around with a panel of guys for twenty or thirty years, and you've all been talking about the same thing over and over, and suddenly one of them stands up and says something *different* about it. You say, "WOW! How about *this* cat?" You know? Finally, after twenty years, somebody gets up and utters a *new statement!* And *kills* everybody! And that's what Charlie Parker did

PANEL OF GUYS, sitting around for twenty years, saying same old thing.

FINALLY somebody gets up, utters a new statement, and kills everybody!

CHARLIE PARKER MADE NEW STATEMENTS. talked in modern hieroglyphics.



DIXIELAND BANDS PLAYED SOMETHING ELSE. beside what was being heard.

when he created new things with his saxophone. He made *new* statements about subjects that had been discussed so much, they were ready to be put back into the ground!

US: Just exactly what did Mr. Parker do?

JAZZBO: Well, you'll have to listen to his records to find that out. Man, he was talking in hieroglyphics! *Modern* hieroglyphics! He took an instrument that everybody thought they knew up and down, and he played it like it was something *different!* And that goes for orchestras too, as well as musicians. Like those Dixieland bands, you know...when they first came out of the South? Boy, they were taking those instruments, and they were playing something else beside what was being heard!

US: When a Jazz musician takes off on an improvising kick, does he ever feel obliged to get back to the melody?

JAZZBO: Er...yeah, I think he does. Of course...you see, that's a question that's sort of funny. Because a Jazz musician...

US: Well, do they really* care *about the melody?

JAZZBO: Oh, they *do* care about the melody, man. That's the most important thing. And that's the most common fallacy about Jazz. People say, "Where's the melody?" Well, it's *there!* Only you don't recognize it!

US: Well, is that the art? To camouflage it?

JAZZBO: No...it's *not* camouflaging! It's embellishment!

US: Like icing on a cake? The cake's still underneath?

JAZZBO: Yeah! And not only that! It *tastes* better!

US: Well, would you say Jazz is like Creamed Chicken? Only you have to have a divining rod to find the chicken?

JAZZBO: I'll tell you...I've heard so many jokes about Jazz that I'm weary of them. See? And you guys can say all you want, you know, about the difficulty of finding the theme. But I state that it is very *easy* to find it. It just takes a little listening. Just a couple of hours. And then you'll understand some of the secrets of what's going on! And, boy, when you do, it's better than finding a new Chinese restaurant!

US: Sounds thrilling.

JAZZBO: The main idea I'd like to get across is that Jazz musicians...I mean, these guys...they have ideas. They like to play "way out" ideas, you know. They try to get some new sounds...some new creations. Just like a silversmith who works with all different materials, you know, and tries to improve brass and gold and all that, and tries to make something that nobody's ever seen before. That's what they do with these instruments. They're building...they're really constructing. They're doing all these real material things in a sort of etherial way.

US: Like an alchemist?

JAZZBO: Yeah, like an alchemist. That's right!

US: Purple Gold? Is that what they're making?

JAZZBO: That's right! Purple Gold!

US: You're pouring it, you know.

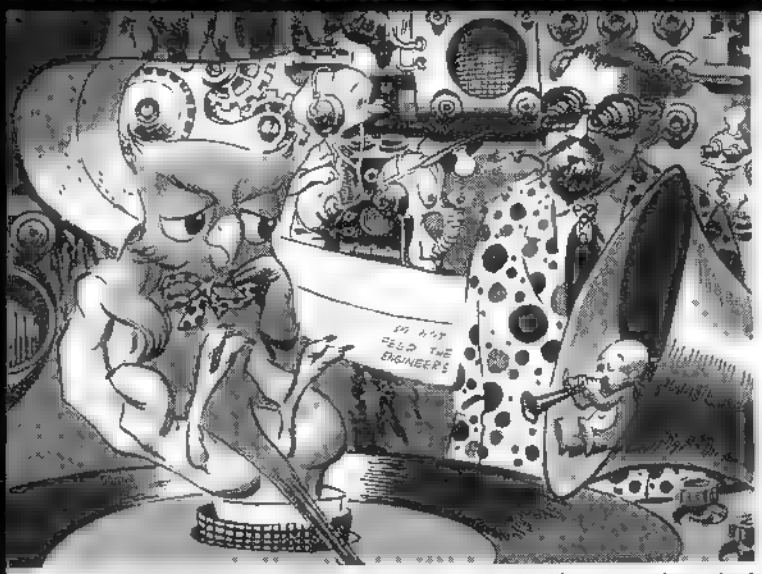
JAZZBO: Man...well isn't this my grotto?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

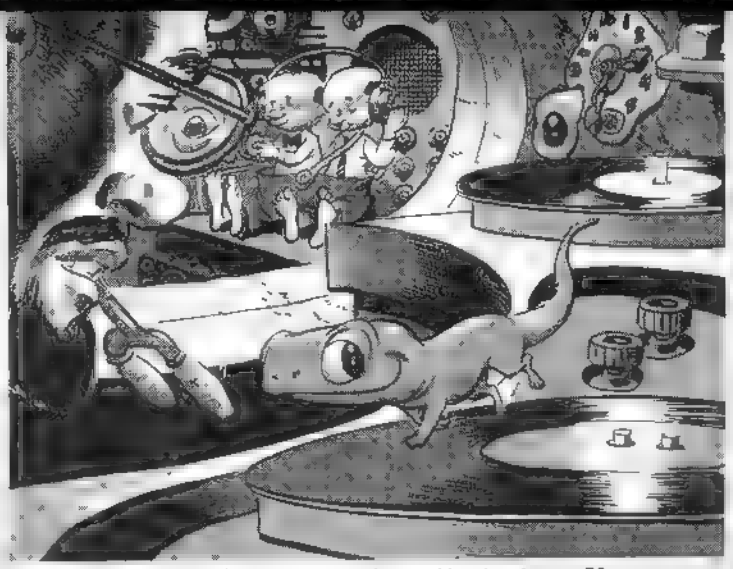
*** A rolling rock gathers no moss*
—Elvis Presley

JUST A COUPLE HOURS LISTENING...and you'll understand what's going on.

AND WHEN YOU DO . . . it's better than finding a new Chinese restaurant.



HARRISON, THE TASMANIAN OWL, is very hip. He likes the modern school.



JUKES, THE CHAMELEON, likes to run around turntable when it goes 78rpm.

US: Tell us a little bit about your grotto, Mr. Collins.
JAZZBO: Man...look around you. I can show you a few things. There's Harrison over there in the corner. He's liable to come over and say a few words. Harrison's the sole surviving member of his species...a long-tail Tasmanian Owl. Makes a striking appearance there, doesn't he? With his purple body...and those orange eyes. He's a fussy eater, Harrison. Likes only imported Tasmanian seed. Says regular seed's... "for the birds!" Harrison's one very 'hip' owl. I mean, he likes the modern school of Jazz. Like he's listening to Shorty, now. And he likes Jimmy Giuffre and that school...and he likes Davy Pell's group...and Shearing...and he's crazy about Brubeck, especially Paul Desmond. Man, he's on top of everything. But when he helps me pick music for the program, he's very democratic about it. He includes everything.
US: Who's that next to him?
JAZZBO: That's Jukes, the chameleon. She's full-grown.
US: Oh, it's a 'Miss'? We didn't know.
JAZZBO: Neither did we.. till she *told* us. Jukes likes to run around the turntable when it's going 78 rpm
US: Aren't those type records practically dead, now?
JAZZBO: We got enough here. This whole wall's full of 'em
US: Where'd she come from?
JAZZBO: Jukes? Oh...somebody sent her to me in a box that was many colored on the inside and silver on the outside. It's called a Juke's box. That's it there. She still sleeps in it.

US: Looks like a crazy little palace!
JAZZBO: Man, it's the wildest little pad for a chameleon you'd ever want to see. That's Arabian tent material inside. See? You know, chameleons like to change color..like it's good for their circulation? So when she gets in that box, man, she has a *ball!*
US: Who does Jukes like?
JAZZBO: She goes for Chick Webb, Coleman Hawkins, Choo Berry...Goodman...James...those cats. Strictly swing.
US: What's that creature?
JAZZBO: That's Clyde up there...the Crow. He's very 'cool'. He doesn't talk much.
US: What kind of Jazz does he like?
JAZZBO: He likes mostly Dixieland. Clyde's been with us for quite a while.
US: And who's the Flamingo?
JAZZBO: Oh, that's Leah. She comes from...you know... down around that Florida race track. That's where she got her name. The customers used to greet her every day. Like.. they'd say: "Hiya, Leah!"
US: And what does Leah like in the way of Jazz?
JAZZBO: She likes...you know...lush things...ballads...like *Skylark...A Nightingale Can Sing The Blues...Flamingo...* Nice big fat sounds. I mean music to fly by.
US: What's that striped thing over there?
JAZZBO: That? That's a candle, with an inch of purple wax

CLYDE, THE CROW, is very cool, doesn't talk much, and likes Dixieland.

LEAH, THE FLAMINGO, likes lush ballads, fat sounds, music to fly by.

THE ONLY PICTURE IN THE GROTTO . . . outside of some motorcycle posters.

ASK MOTHER TO EXPLAIN RECORD, play it over again, and she's hooked

and an inch of white wax. Each of those sections burns for five minutes. That's the old Egyptian calibrated candle method of telling time. Like if you come in here at three o'clock, and it burns down to the second purple one, then I know you've been here for fifteen minutes.

US: That's pretty clever.

JAZZBO: Yeah...The only problem I have is: how do I know when three o'clock was?

US: What else is around the grotto?

JAZZBO: There's that picture on the west wall there. That's Frank Sinatra and me. That's the only picture I have here... outside of a couple of motorcycle posters.

US: Jazzbo, what would be your advice to someone who is broadminded enough to want to start to follow Jazz? Who should they listen to? What records should they collect?

JAZZBO: Well, they should get some Count Basie records... some Benny Goodman records...some Louie Armstrong records...some Anita O'Day records...Ella Fitzgerald...Art Van Dam...Dave Brubeck...George Shearing...some of Mel Torme's latest stuff...Charlie Parker...Stan Kenton...Woody Herman...Ruby Braff...Chico Hamilton...Shorty Rogers...and listen to those

US: What's your advice to someone who brings home those records and starts playing them, and Pop or Mom starts raising the roof?

JAZZBO: Well...I don't think anybody's going to have any problem if he brings home the proper records and gets his family hooked into listening to them.

US: How do you do that? Hook the family?

JAZZBO: Well, you ask your Mother to explain the record. Like...you say, 'There's something unusual going on here, Ma...and I'd wish you'd listen to it.' And she listens. And she says,'There's nothing unusual about that.'And you say,'Well, can't you hear that?...See?' And you play it again. And by that time, man...she's hooked!

US: And that's how you get her to latch on to Jazz, eh?

JAZZBO: 'Pick up' is the phrase now. 'Latch on' nobody says that anymore.

US: What are some more of the latest Jazz expressions?

JAZZBO: They're all pretty much the same like they've been. I'll tell you, it's not so much the expressions as the way in which they're said or used. You know? Like most people that use 'hip' phrases in their conversation do it to get a laugh. I mean, they do it just for the fun of it. There aren't too many people who really talk that way seriously and don't know it's...you know...weird. And I mean, a person that talks 'hip' seriously...well, man, he's a big idiot!

US: Well, thank you very much, Mr. Collins.

JAZZBO: Oh, cuttin' out, cats?

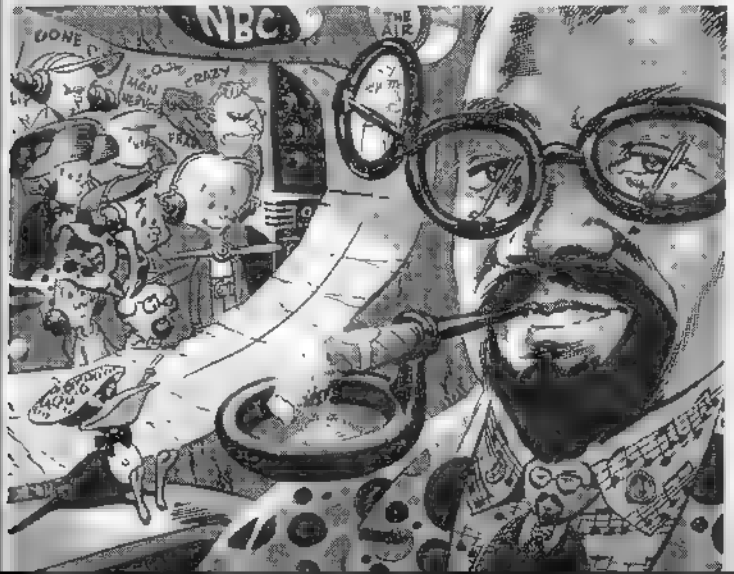
US: Thirty, Mr. Collins.

JAZZBO: Crazy!

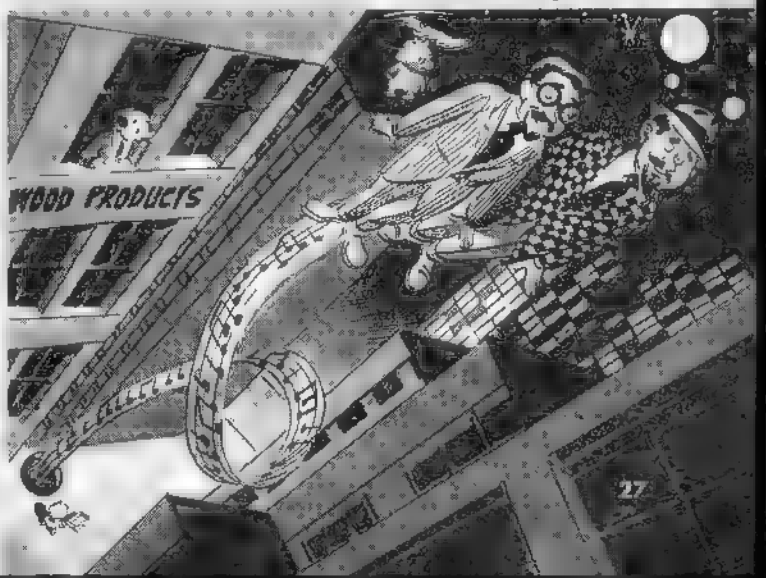
END

***Rome wasn't built in a day*
—Gina Lollobrigida

A PERSON THAT TALKS 'HIP' SERIOUSLY . . . well, man, he's a big idiot!



PICTURE OF 'HIP' EDITORS after interview . . . note look of enlightenment.



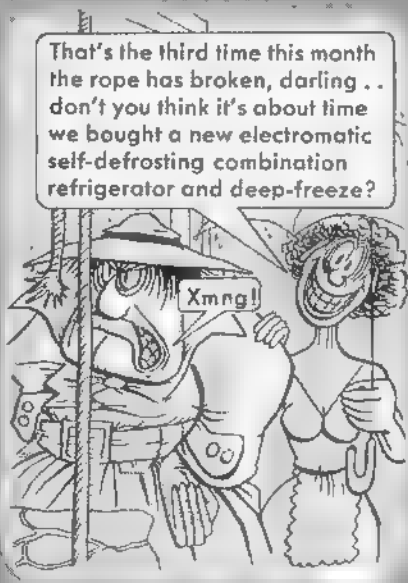
SOFT-SELL ADVERTISING DEPT.

**You can't have your cake and eat it too
—Betty Crocker

The instantaneous success of the Harry and Bert Piel commercials on local New York T.V. has set Madison Avenue on its proverbial ivy-league ear. Charcoal gray-clad account execs up and down the street have been forced to sit up on their bar stools and take notice. What is now obvious to all is that the era of the "hard sell" has come to a welcome end, and the era of the "soft sell" has begun. No more will T.V. commercials beat you over the head! Now they will *entertain!*

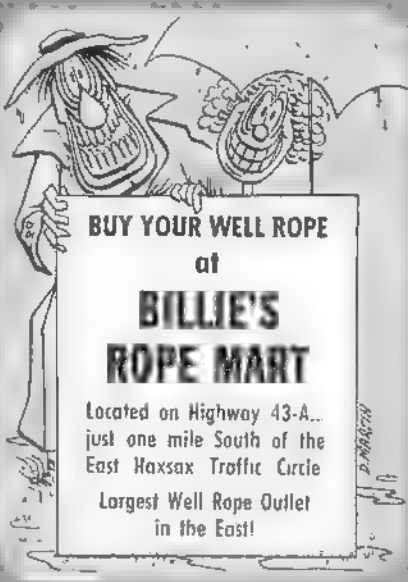
In this next article, MAD takes a look at the handwriting on the T.V. Story Board Wall, realizes that, like all good things, the technique of the popular Piel's commercial will be worked to death, and predicts that soon viewers will be suffering through "soft selling" pitches like the following . . .

FUTURE TV ADS


That's the third time this month the rope has broken, darling . . don't you think it's about time we bought a new electromatic self-defrosting combination refrigerator and deep-freeze?
Xmng!

NO!

. . . I think its about time we bought some new heat-tested, phalgomized well rope!!


BUY YOUR WELL ROPE
at
BILLIE'S
ROPE MART
Located on Highway 43-A... just one mile South of the East Haxsax Traffic Circle
Largest Well Rope Outlet in the East!

**Two heads are better than one
—Patience and Prudence

You know how every once in a while you stop suddenly in the middle of flapping the lower lip, and you wonder if maybe you're crazy? Well, you don't have to wonder any more. Now you can be sure. Because, today, high-priced psychiatrists have fool-proof tests which can prove you're a fool. Like, f'instance, there's the famous Rorschach Test, where you look at these interesting ink blots and tell the psychiatrist what they look like to you . . . and then he tells what you look like to him. The only trouble with that test is . it costs about forty or fifty dollars. Which brings us to the purpose of this next article:

Now, as a service to those of you who have stopped suddenly in the middle of flapping the lower lip and wondered, MAD saves you money, eliminates the middle-man, and allows you, in the privacy of your own home, to find out once and for all if you're crazy. So don't be chicken. Go ahead. Take . . .

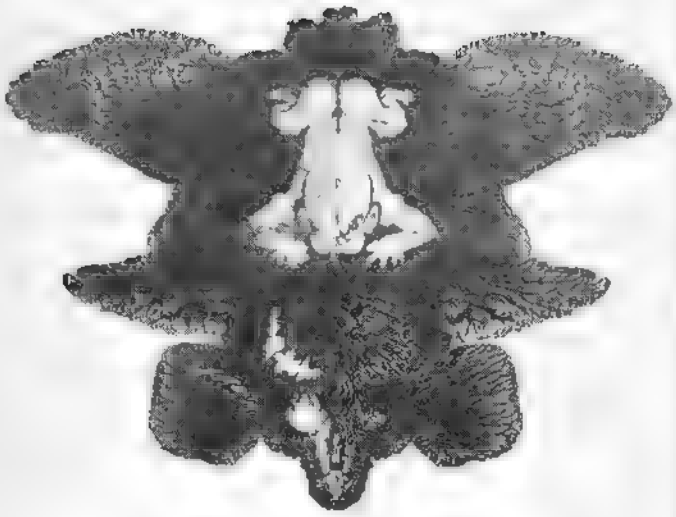
MAD'S INK BLOT TEST

Directions: These ink blots were scientifically designed by a psychiatrist friend of ours who gave up his practice after he suffered a nervous breakdown from listening to his patients' constant complaining. Study each blot for a moment and let it suggest something to you. Then see if it matches the analysis below each blot. Hey . . . no cheating!

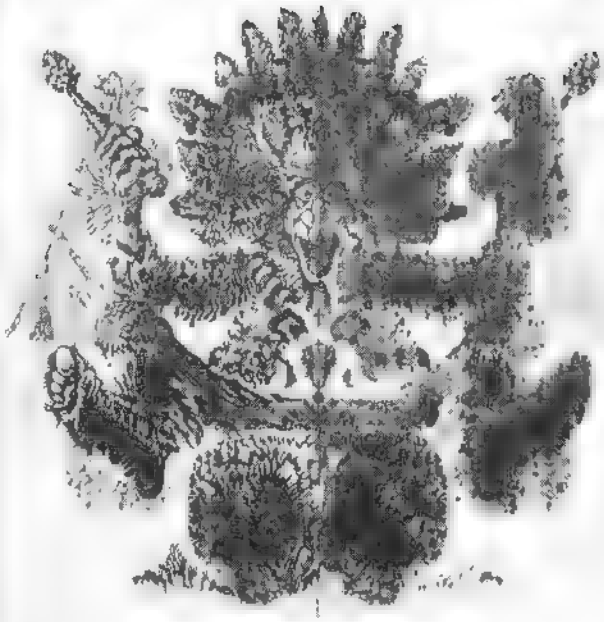
IF this ink blot looks to you like a stork delivering twins, then you are obviously emotionally immature, since any grown-up knows that storks don't bring babies.

IF this ink blot appears to be a bartender loaded with two kegs of whiskey, then watch out. Your subconscious mind indicates that you are a potential alcoholic.

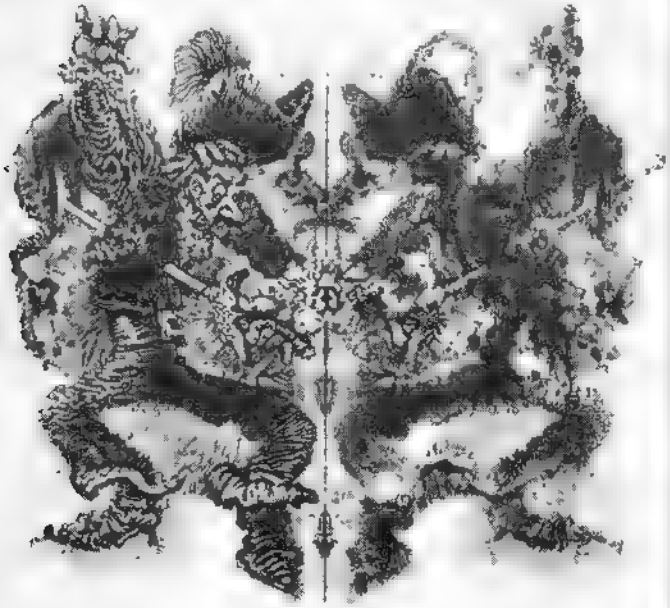
PICTURES BY KELLY FREAS



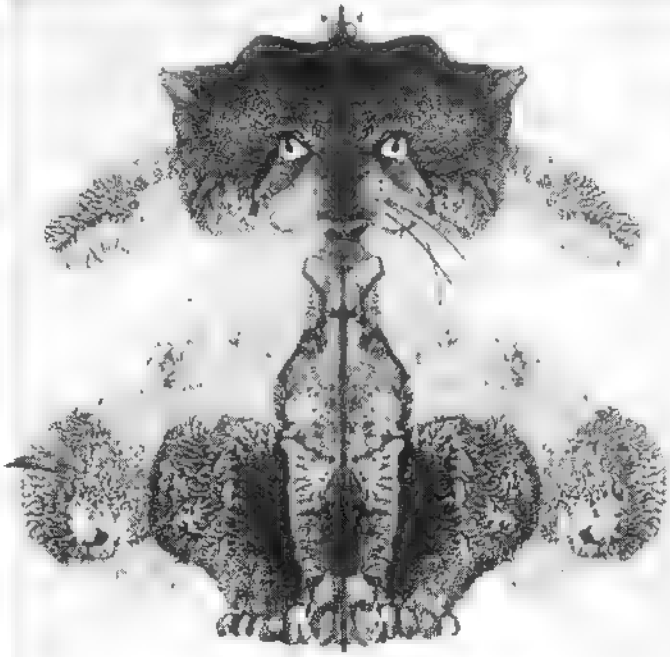
IF this blot resembles a baby on a bear skin rug, then you are emotionally inhibited. Let yourself go, man! A *babe* on a bear skin rug is what you *should* be seeing!



IF this blot suggests an American Indian pounding a war drum, then you obviously have repressed hostilities. You'd like to beat up somebody named Tom . . . *twice*



IF this ink blot bears a likeness to two swordsmen engaged in an affair of honor, battling to the death, beware! Your reaction shows you have a duel personality.



IF this blot looks like a squatting cat, you're definitely crazy! Not 'cause you see a squatting cat. You're crazy to spend good money on trash like MAD magazine!

***Don't kill the goose that lays golden eggs*
—Dean Martin

**The way to a man's heart is through his stomach*
—Lucretia Borgia

AT A TIME WHEN the worst disaster in history looms over us, namely the country's acceptance of Rock 'n Roll as a legitimate art form, the Editors of MAD have volunteered to combat this dreadful antagonist with its arch-enemy, namely, Culture. And so, beginning with the following informative and educational article (designed to convert crew-cuts into long hairs), MAD embarks upon a program dedicated to the task of bringing culture to America's youth. For our first cultural subject we have chosen the field of Comic Opera. And for a cultural look at Comic Opera, we have selected a fine example, the story of Mozart's immortal

DON GIOVANNI

Which is the Italian name for Don Juan
. . . and the cultural name for "Wolf".

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

View of culture-loving opera audience enjoying one of the more amusing scenes from the Comic Opera, Don Giovanni.

Boy, is this Comic Opera comical! In first scene, Giovanni and servant, Leporello, gain admittance to home of beautiful Donna Anna, whom the Don plans to seduce.

Accosted by the dashing Giovanni, Donna Anna screams for help from her father, Don Pedro. But father prefers to keep their name honorable, and instead, draws his sword...

Comical duel follows between Don Giovanni and Don Pedro, results in the old man being neatly run through and killed by the young hero. Isn't that a hilarious turn of events?

Giovanni's next escapade is an attempt to seduce the maiden Zerlina on her wedding night. As he carries her off screaming, the audience screams with laughter. What fun!

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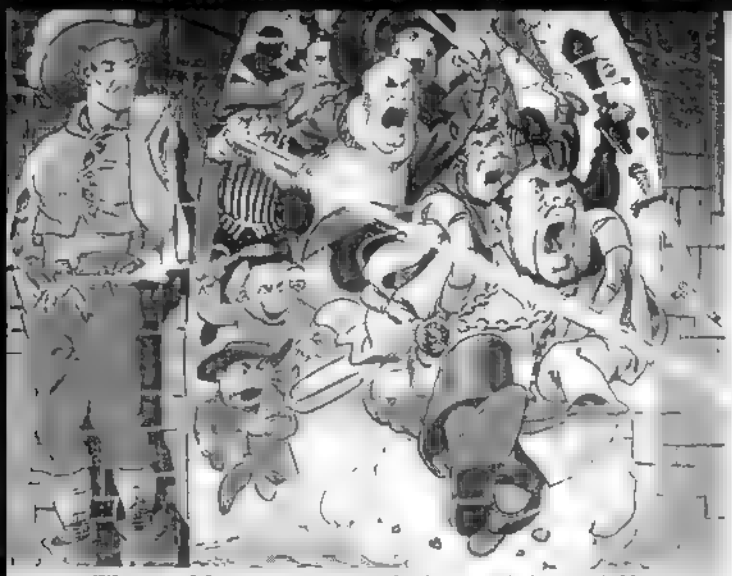
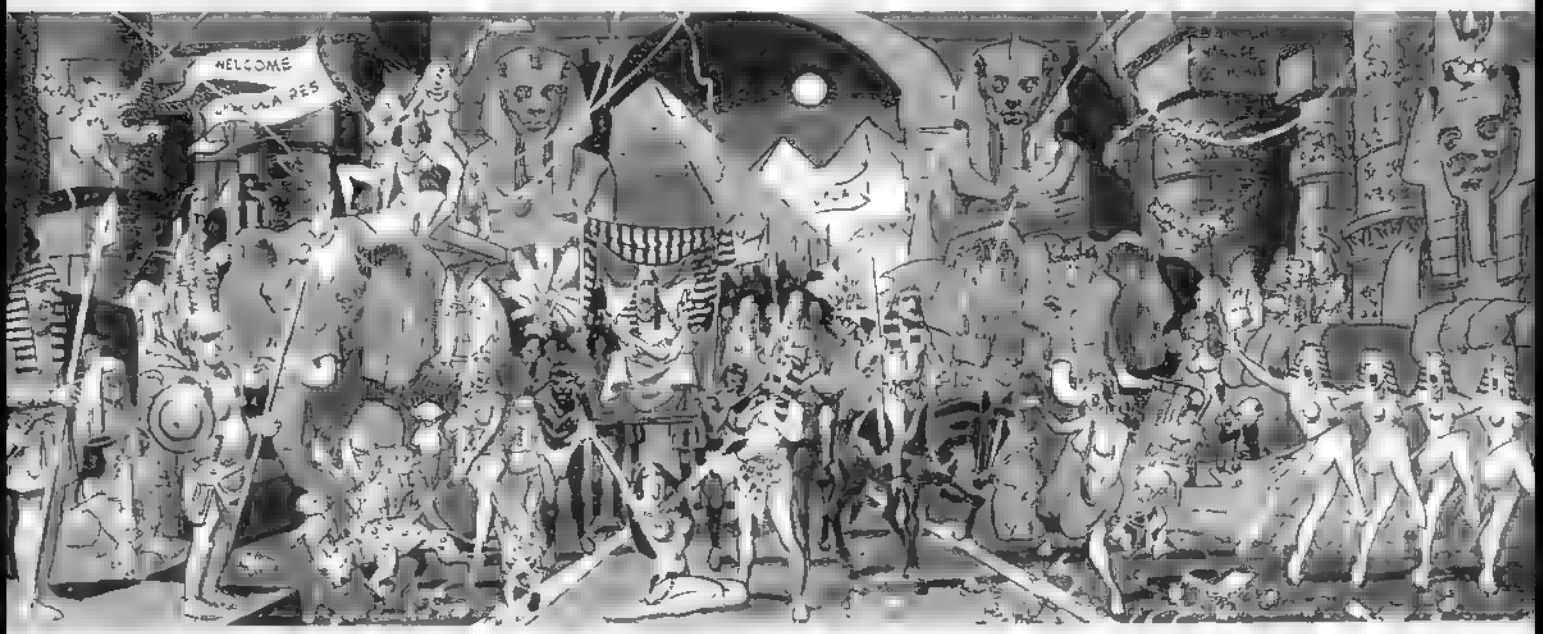


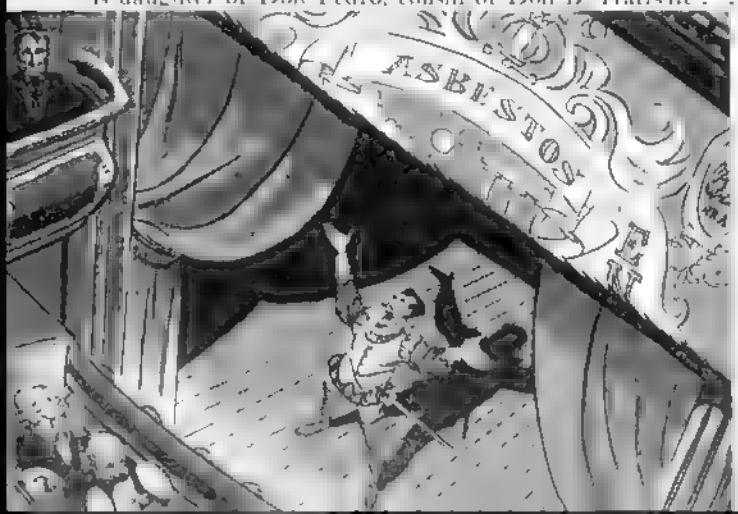
The wedding guests are furious and demand Giovanni's blood, but the Don cleverly manages to escape by changing clothes with his innocent servant. That way, poor Leporello stands a good chance of getting killed instead. A riot?

Zerlina's would-be-groan shows the disguised Don the weapons he has to slay the guy who seduced his would-be-bride. Giovanni proceeds to belt him with would-be-weapons. What a tragedy this would be if it weren't for laughs!

As Act II begins, we see the interior of an ornate, Ancient Egyptian Temple. Huge elephants and spirited horses parade across the stage as brassy trumpets blare in a rousing triumphal march. The comical part of this scene is the fact that somebody backstage goofed and put in the backdrop to the third act of Giuseppi Verdi's Aida by mistake



After two stagehands are fired and the mess cleared up, curtain rises on Don Ottavio, fiance of Donna Anna, who is daughter of Don Pedro, cousin of Don B. Halfsife . . .



Ottavio sings amusing aria of what a joyous day it will be when Giovanni is killed. Aria becomes even more amusing when curtain falls accidentally and Ottavio is killed . . .

Two more stagehands are fired, and the curtain goes up again, this time on funniest scene of this Comic Opera . . when Giovanni and Leporello hide from rest of the bloodthirsty cast in a cemetery. Boy, what a funny situation!

Suddenly the statue of the deceased Don Pedro speaks, accuses Don Giovanni of his murder, and announces he will attend party Giovanni plans for the following evening. What's funny here is that he hasn't even been invited . . . !

Leporello and Don Giovanni upon hearing the statue's threat, stumble into the night. Worried look on Giovanni's face is not from fear. Worried look on Giovanni's face is from concern over where to get suitable date for statue . . .

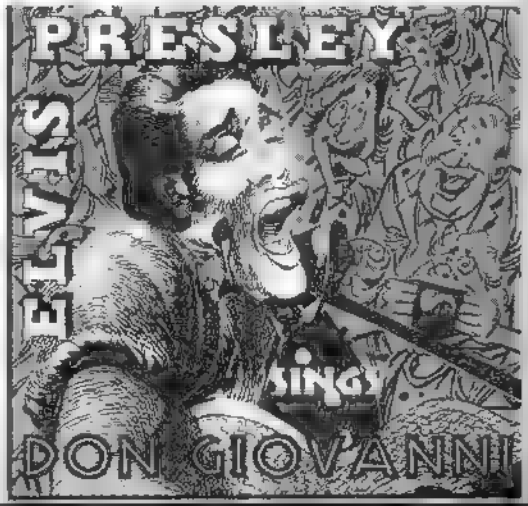
Final scene of Comic Opera takes place at Giovanni's party. True to his word, the statue of murdered Don Pedro appears at height of the festivities, drags the shrieking Don Giovanni to his death in a fiery inferno. Hysterical . . . ?

"Better have loved and lost than never to have loved at all"
—Tommy Manville

The curtain falls, and the audience howls "Bravo! . . . Bravo! Bravo!" until finally the buxom coloratura, a Miss Emily Bravo, is coaxed into taking another welcome bow . . .

OPERA FANS!

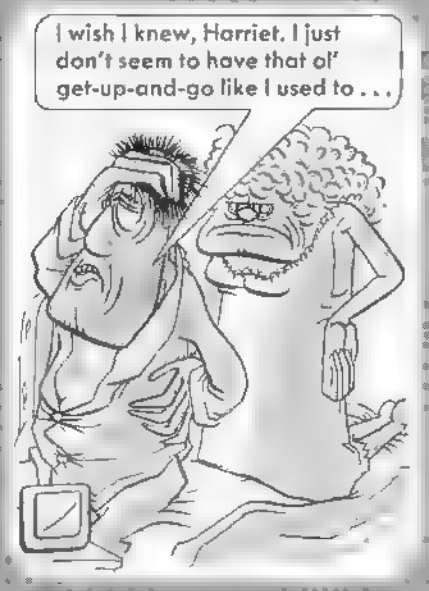
To fully enjoy this amusing Comic Opera, rush down to your favorite record store and ask for the exciting L-P album pictured at right. You'll be in for even more laughs when your favorite record dealer drops dead from shock!

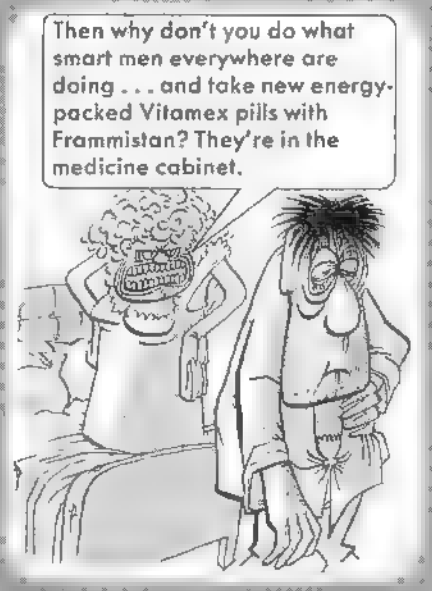


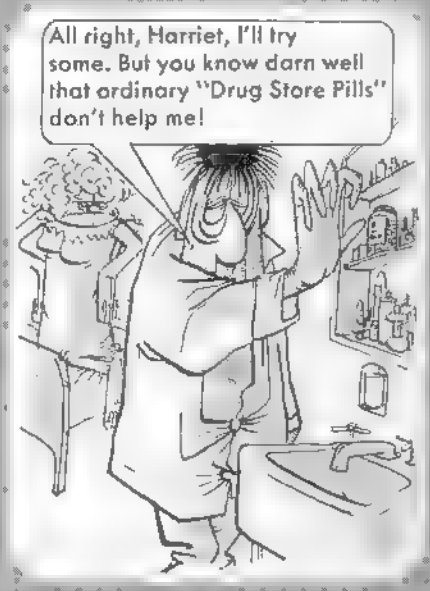
SOFT-SELL

Time for the commercial again, gang . . . so here we go with another sample Story Board of...

FUTURE TV ADS







BY DON MARTIN

"One hand washes the other"
—The Lever Bros.

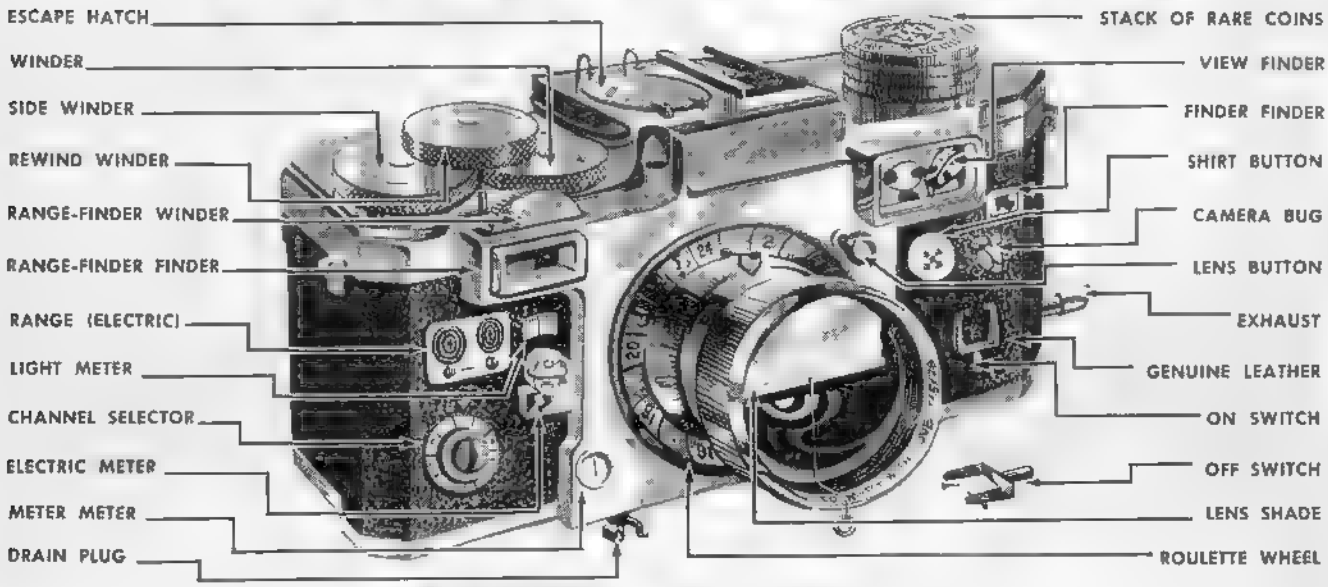
**Time is money
Henry R. Luce

Continuing its campaign of examining and extolling man's progress in his many fields of endeavor, **MAD** now turns its attention to the world of science, specifically to the complex art of modern photography, and in this next factual article analyzes reasons . . .

WHY

the precision engineered, highly perfected

35 mm Camera



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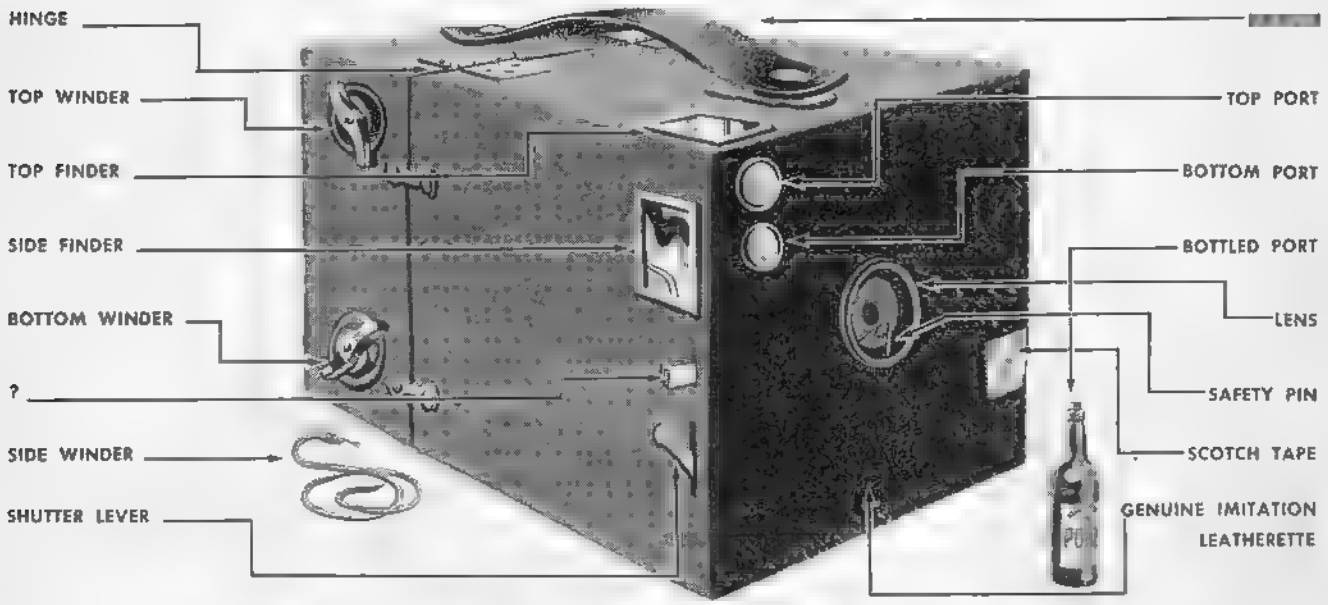
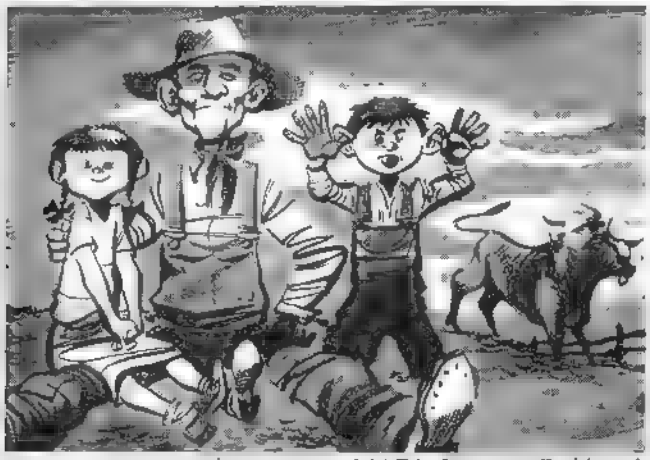


the simple, unpretentious, primitive

Box Camera

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

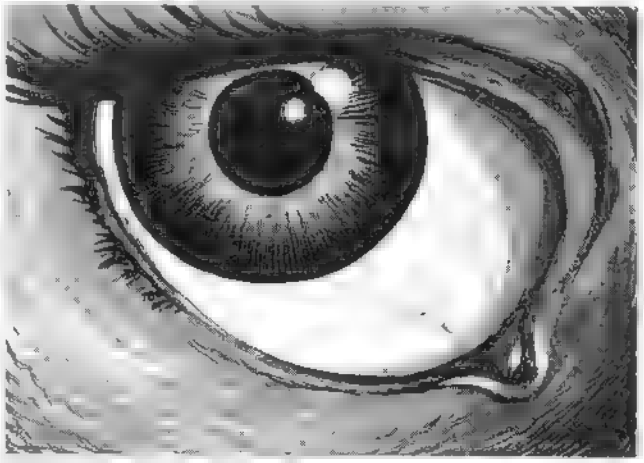
MODERN 35mm CAMERA MAKES IT EASY TO GET FINE DETAIL AND HIGH-SPEED ACTION SHOTS NEVER BEFORE POSSIBLE WITH OLD-FASHIONED BOX-CAMERA, AS PHOTOS BELOW BY *MAD* LENSMEN FUDD AND BALLOO CLEARLY DEMONSTRATE



USING OUTMODED box camera, MAD's Seymour Fudd took this picture of a farmer and his children seated in a pasture. Note stiff, posed attitudes of subjects, lack of action, and blurred head of bull grazing contentedly in background. Nervous bull moved slightly while picture was being taken.

USING MODERN 35 mm camera, MAD's Wally Balloo caught this exciting shot of the same farmer and his children. Note how movement is stopped, showing subjects in midst of wild scramble. Nervous bull, grazing in background, suddenly charged wildly, enraged by Balloo's popping flashbulbs.

ABOVE PICTURE, taken by photographer Fudd, is another example of failing of undeveloped box camera. Due to fixed-focus lens, close-up shots are impossible, and all Fudd could get were dull shots like this one of a Bikini-clad model

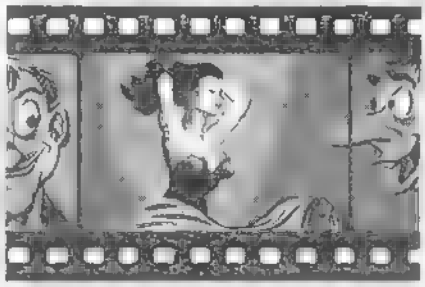


HOWEVER, with perfected 35 mm camera, plus portrait attachment, photographer Balloo was able to move in, capture amazing close-up-detail shots just like startling picture above of the same Bikini-clad model.—Interesting, huh?

WITH OLD FASHIONED box camera, which has slow shutter and therefore does not allow for split-second action shots, photographer Fudd was able to do no better than this posed picture of the star football player before the big game.

WITH HIGH-SPEED shutter of 35 mm camera, photographer Balloo was able to do better, with this fantastic shot of same football star during game. Unfortunately, split-second later, Balloo lost four teeth and suffered a fractured skull.

Now let's compare quality of the box camera picture with 35mm camera picture!



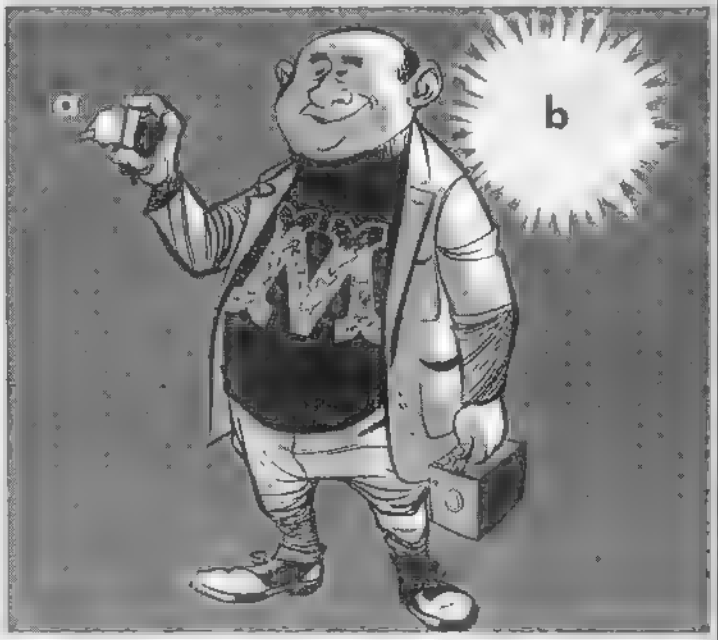
Study actual-size contact print (at left) made from film shot with old-fashioned box camera. Note that images in picture are strangely fuzzy, gray, and lacking in definition. Now compare to actual-size contact print (above), made from film shot with modern 35mm camera. Note that images in picture are sharp, clear, well-contrasted, and mainly impossible to see with the naked eye. However, this one drawback can be quickly remedied. With the use of expensive equipment, enlargement (at right) can be produced, equal in size to box camera print, with images that are strangely fuzzy, gray, and lacking in definition.

Wally Balloo, MAD photographer, with equipment used in conjunction with 35mm Camera

(a) Ever-ready camera case. (b) Tripod. (c) Flash gun. (d) Flash bulbs. (e) Exposure meter. (f) Lens cap. (g) Filters. (h) Filter adapters. (i) Strobe light. (j) Power pack for strobe light. (k) Enlarger.

TOTAL COST: $1326.45

Seymour Fudd, MAD photographer, with equipment used in conjunction with Box Camera



(a) Film. (b) Sun.

TOTAL COST: 45¢

IN THIS ARTICLE WE HAVE EXAMINED AND EVALUATED REASONS WHY THE 35mm CAMERA REPLACED THE BOX CAMERA. NOW FOR US, JUST ONE QUESTION REMAINS UNANSWERED: *WHY?*

***Great aches from little corns grow*
—Dr. Scholl

ORSON BEAN DEPT.

And now, the starry-eyed editors of MAD present Mr. Orson Bean, star of stage, screen and T.V. Mr. Bean has appeared on Broadway in John Murray Anderson's *"Almanac,"* and recently co-starred with Jayne Mansfield in *"Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"* He also appeared with Sheree North in the movie *"How to be Very Very Popular."* Mr. Bean, obviously, has interesting friends. He has performed on T.V. many times, including the *Ed Sullivan Show,* the *U.S. Steel Hour,* the *Philco Show,* and *Kraft Theatre.* He was emcee of the *Blue Angel Show* for thirteen weeks, and has made innumerable personal appearances at that very fashionable New York supper club. (Why Mr. Bean has now foolhardily consented to appear in a lowlife magazine like MAD is beyond us!) Anyway, as the introductory article of a series by Mr. Bean (we hope!), MAD has asked him to kindly tell us a little about his storied ancestry. And so, in this article . . .

MR. ORSON BEAN

ORSON BEAN OPENS HIS . . .

PICTURES BY JACK DAVIS

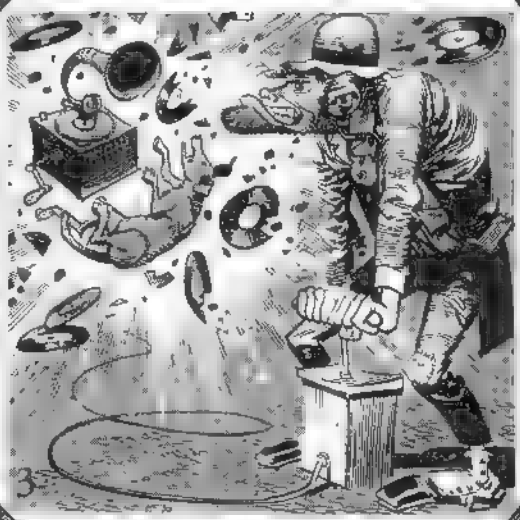
Special material by Alan Robin

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Happy Days

I come from New England.
I played the trombone back in High School, because I wanted to impress this girl and I couldn't make the football team
...and she could

Aside from that, the only other connection with music in my family was that my father was a singer for a short time, back in the depression.
Dad did quite well at it, and became the singing favorite of two continents...
Greenland and Africa.

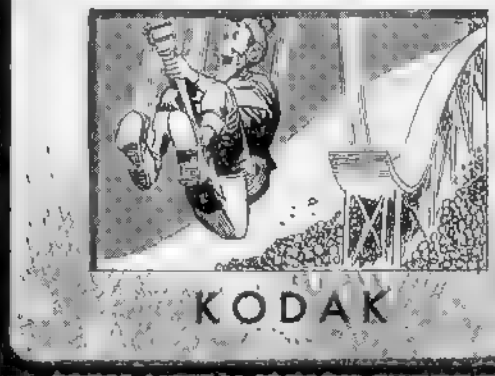


Aside from that the only other connection with music in my family is my Uncle Ordway who lives in Quincy, Mass. And the only actual connection with music that Uncle Ordway ever had was the fact that...he hated it.

He was a mean man, Uncle Ordway...couldn't stand to see anyone tap his foot. And the only ACTUAL connection that Uncle Ordway ever had with music was the time he went to the Boston Symphony and threw a hand grenade in the orchestra pit...

However, a quick-thinking tuba player muffled the explosion...and as a matter of fact, it sounded so good, they left it in!

6



All my relatives come from New England. Uncle Ordway is the father of my cousin Gerald, the damn fool who almost killed himself last year up at Laconia when he went off the ski jump on a shovel...

7

Matthew Brady Bean, Photographer, Walberforce, Vermont

My grandfather and grandmother Bean live in Perkinsville, Vermont. Perkinsville is just a small town, but it's NEAR White River Junction. I just wanted to place that for you.

8

Grandfather Bean is a million laughs... (I have to laugh!) He always tells a story about a Vermont fella who moved to Maine. This fella was a gypsy at heart, and the wanderlust got him, so he picked up bag and baggage and went to Portland, Maine, and got into the fishing industry...

More

9

And, being of a particularly inventive turn of mind, this fella spent two years trying to cross a jellyfish with a shad, hoping to wind up with boneless shad...sort of a natural fillet! This fella was the Luther Burbank of the beach.

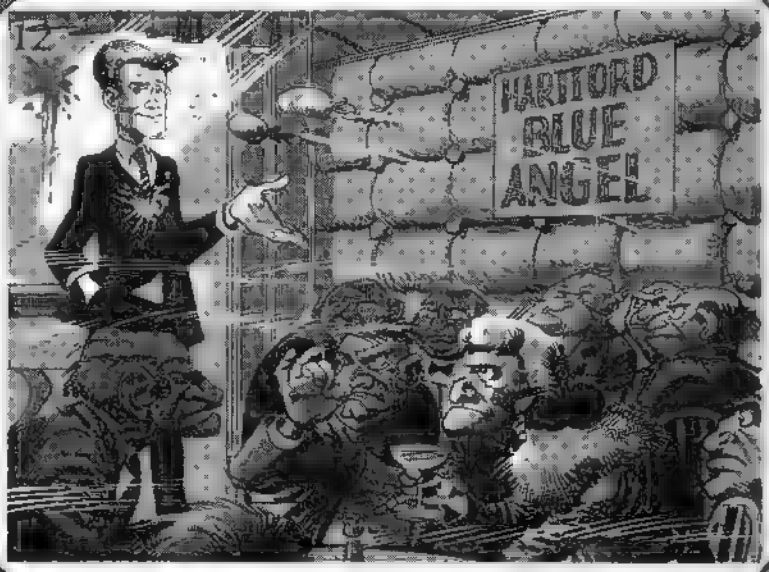
10

However, the experiment backfired! The fella miscalculated somewhere along the way and wound up with boney jellyfish... which was hardly worth the trouble.There's very little call for those up there.

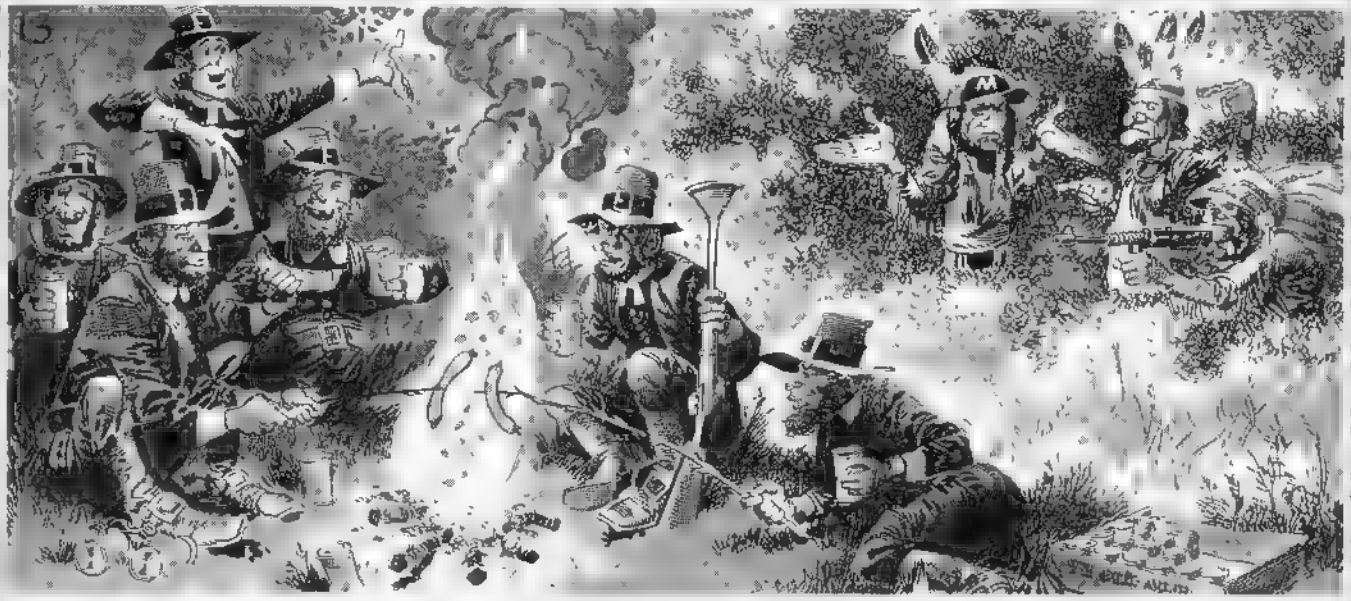
11

Grandfather Bean tells that story and that's a story that get's screams in White River Junction.

12



But it never goes over too big here in the South. Up in Vermont, Grandfather Bean always used to warn me against Southerners. He used to say, "Stay away from Hartford!"



My people have always come from up around New England. 'Way back in 1630 I had a relative with the Massachusetts Bay Company and I have often read his memoirs about how the early settlers would sit around the campfires after a hard day cleaning out the trees and the rocks and rills and wild Indians and all, and sing dirty folk songs. And THAT'S your Massachusetts Bay Company. And always, off in the bushes, the wild Indians would sit (not having been cleared), and the wild Indians would listen to the folk songs and shake their heads and say, "Well, it's nice music, but you can't dance to it."

Back in early Salem when Cotton Mather was hunting witches, his chief opposition was an ancestor of mine, the great liberal, Hesitation Bean. It wasn't that Hesitation didn't believe in witches...he admitted that most of them probably WERE witches. He just didn't like Cotton Mather.

I had a great-great-great-great-grandfather by the name of Ezekial Bean who lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts at the time of the American Revolution. He owned a small tavern and bar there in Harvard Square, near the tree, and did quite well.

Still More →

In fact he became the foremost bartender of the American Revolution. Ezekial Bean POURED the shot heard 'round the world...a fact which has been surpressed up to now by the D.A.R.

He did quite well with the tavern, and many of the celebrities of the Revolutionary period used to drop in there. George and Martha Washington used to come in and have a nip when George was off. George with the wooden teeth and all. Mr. and Mrs. John Hancock used to frequent the place, John Quincy Adams, Paul Revere, the Daws boys, Conrad Nagel... and a host of revolutionaries.

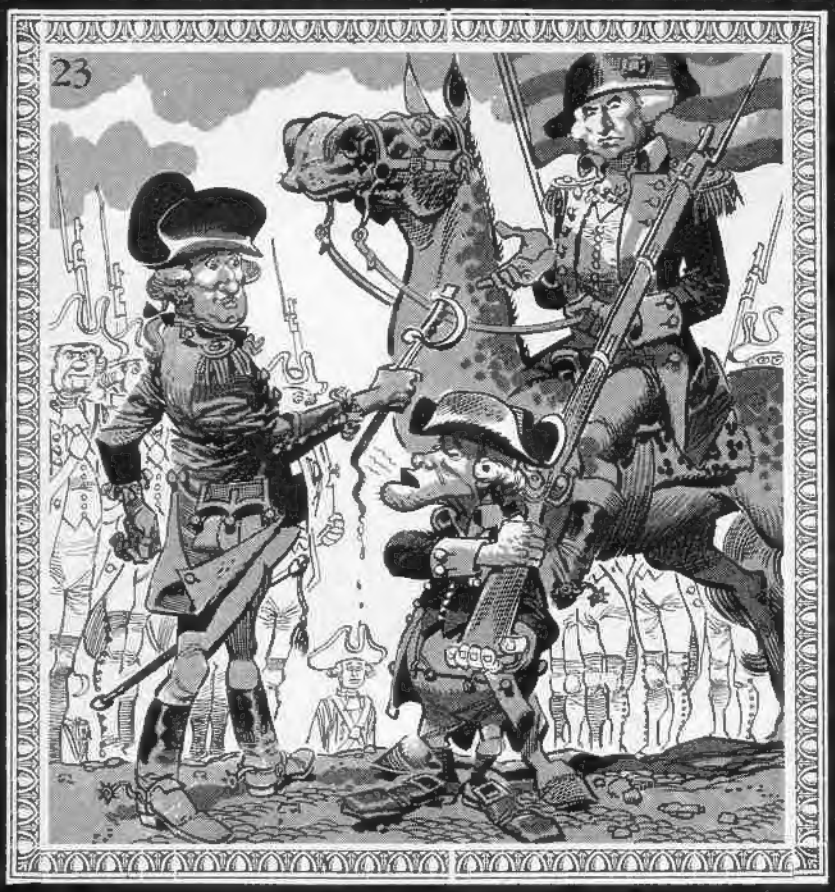
Ezekial Bean almost lost the Revolution for us when he invited the British in for a drink.

Later that same day, on Bunker Hill, General Prescott said, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!" ...and they didn't have any!

It was powerful stuff he served there. He brewed it himself in back of the bar and called it Old Patriot's Delight.

Word of this delicious nectar somehow, leaked back to England, and legend has it that George the III got hold of a fifth... or was it the other way around?

Anyway, they BOTH staggered into the House of Lords, and that's how word was sent to Cornwallis to surrender.



Ezekial, who had joined up in the fighting toward the end of the Revolution (when it looked like it was in the bag), was personal aide to Washington at the time, and when Cornwallis met with the good general at Yorktown Heights and offered him his sword, Ezekial, standing nearby, exhaled and melted it.

With the war over, Ezekial returned to his tavern in Cambridge and his faithful wife, Hope...but he never really liked the woman, so he had eighteen children and tried to lose himself in the crowd.

The End

Due to thousands of requests (from the artist's wife), here are some more . . .

MAD GREETING CARDS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

A Bon Bon Voyage!

You never struck me as continental,
And now I'm convinced your case is mental.
You could have picked Paris, and seen Pigalle,
But, no, you insult dear old Rand McNally!
You could have picked Rome or the Island of Yap
Instead, you're off to Disneyland . . . which ain't on the map!

Congratulations!

ON YOUR APPOINTMENT AS MOSQUITO-CONTROL COMMISSIONER

You always were good at spreading the old oil!

I'm Sad That You're Moving!

For alas, alas, alackaday
You're only moving a block away!

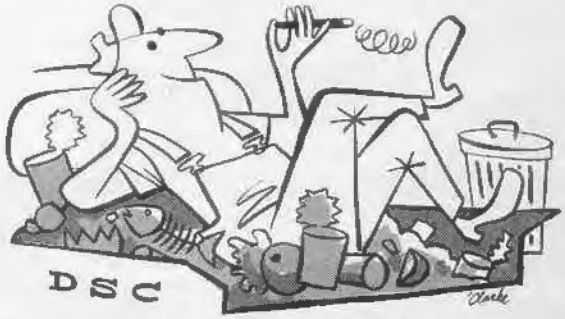
Condolences To A Flag-Pole Sitter

Did you hoot, did you holler, flap your arms like a bird,
When, by kite to your perch, they sent the good word
That from the one you had tied, no more would be heard?

When from the ranks of the living, your Mother-in-law passed,
Did you shout hallelujah, come down to earth fast?
No! You showed your respect . . . lowered yourself to half-mast.

Congratulations!

ON YOUR APPOINTMENT AS COLLECTOR OF SURPLUS COMMODITIES



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